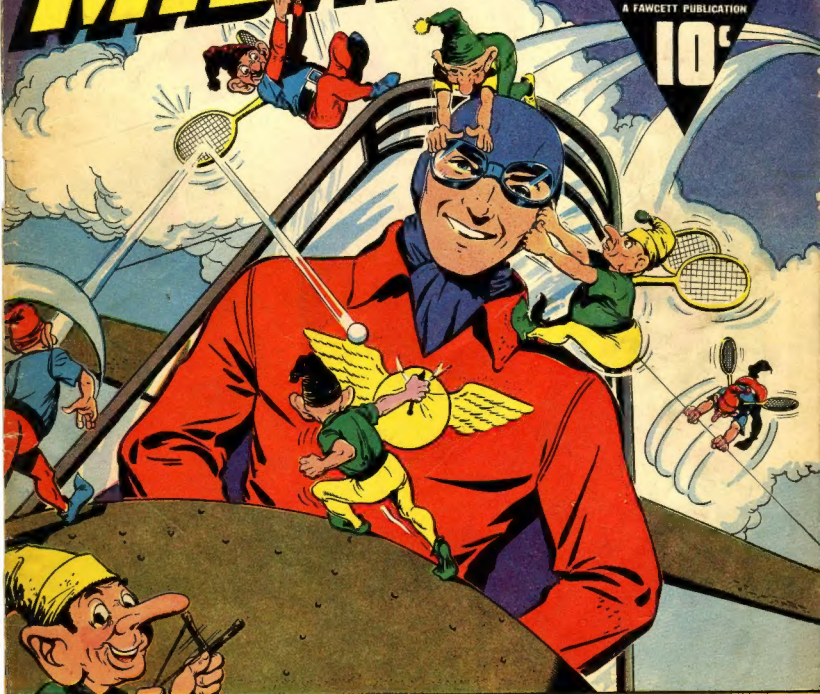


No. 4 Jan. 8

# CAPTAIN MIDNIGHT

A FAWCETT PUBLICATION

10¢



**CAPTAIN MIDNIGHT  
GRAPPLES THE GREMLINS**

# GO GET THE MARVEL GANG

AMERICA'S FAVORITE COMICS HEROES IN AMERICA'S FAVORITE COMICS MAGAZINES





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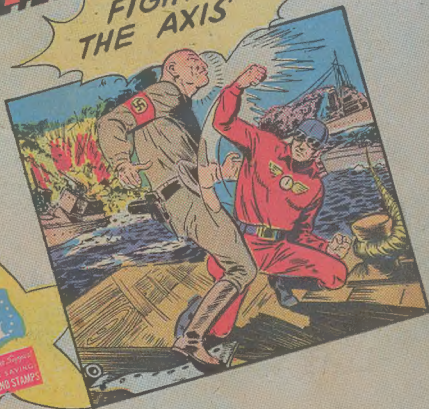
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THE AXIS

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# GREMLINS

WELL, THESE ARE GREMLINS! WHAT DO YOU THINK OF THEM? DO THEY REALLY LIVE? OR DID OUR FIGHTING FLYING MEN OF THE AMERICAN AIR CORPS AND THE RAF DREAM THEM UP? THEY ALL SWEAR THEY'VE SEEN GREMLINS!!

THE PIXIES THAT PLAGUE THE PLANES OF THE ALLIED AIR FORCE ARE CALLED GREMLINS. THEY LOVE TO CLIMB ABOARD THE PLANES AND PLAY. SOME PLAY FAIR AND OTHERS PLAY ROUGH. THIS ONE'S A ROUGHIE.

SOME GREMLINS HAVE WINGS THAT LOOK LIKE TENNIS RACKETS. OTHERS CAN'T FLY BUT CLIMB ABOARD SEAGULLS AND LEAP DOWN FROM THE GULLS' WINGS TO THE AIRPLANES.

THEY LIKE TO TEASE A PILOT WHO'S FLYING BLIND.

HEY, YOU'RE FLYING UPSIDE DOWN!

COME IN AND GET WARM. AND SCRATCH MY SHOULDER BLADE, PLEASE...

THE LITTLEST GREMLINS ARE CALLED WIDGETS. THEY GET INTO GUN BARRELS AND JAM THEM.

AHHHHH!

GASOLINE TANK

THEY ARE VERY FOND OF DRINKING GASOLINE... THE GOOD ONES LEAVE JUST ENOUGH FOR THE PILOT TO MAKE A FORCED LANDING! THE BAD GREMLINS DRINK IT ALL!

SOMETIMES AVIATORS GET LONELY WAY UP IN THE AIR ALONE... AND THEN THEY INVITE GOOD GREMLINS IN FOR COMPANY.

Read ON NOW AND SEE WHAT CAPTAIN MIDNIGHT HAS TO DO AND SAY ABOUT THEM... YOU'LL BE SURPRISED AND THRILLED AND DELIGHTED!!



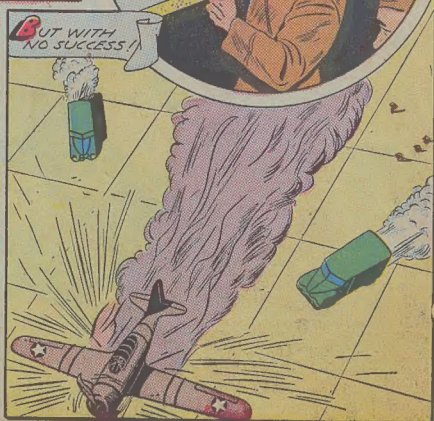
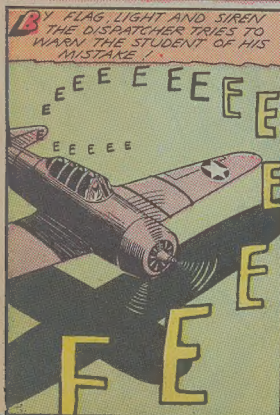
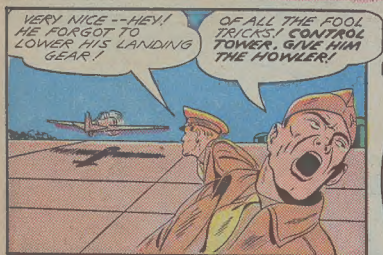
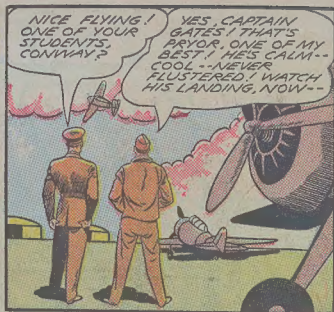
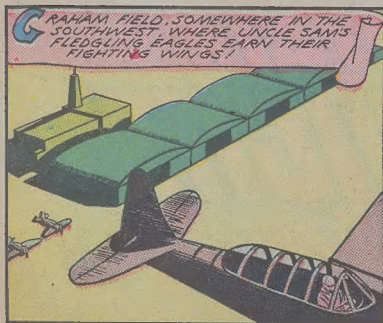
# CAPTAIN MIDNIGHT



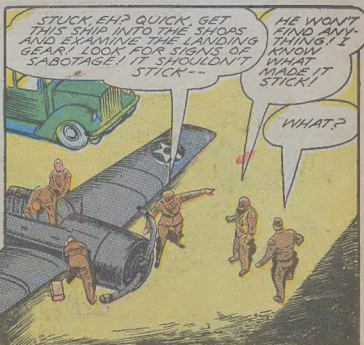
**B**Y THIS TIME EVERYBODY KNOWS ABOUT THE GREMLINS --THOSE LITTLE PLAYFUL PIXIES WHO HECKLE AND VEX AIR FORCE PILOTS AND GUNNERS! SOME CRAWL DOWN GUN BARRELS TO JAM GUNS OR SPOIL THE AIM! OTHERS CLOG CARBURETORS --DRINK UP GASOLINE -- FLUTTER AILERONS --DO A HUNDRED AND ONE TRICKS TO GIVE FLIERS A HEADACHE! ASK ANY PILOT! HE KNOWS!

PILOTS SWEAR THEY DO EXIST -- AT ANY RATE, THEY TAKE **CAPTAIN MIDNIGHT** DOWN A GRIM TRAIL OF BLOOD AND BATTLE, THROUGH THE INKY SHADOWS OF TERROR TO THE VERY GATES OF DOOM!

READ THE INCREDIBLE STORY OF THE STRANGEST HUNT IN FLYING HISTORY IN THE AMAZING --- **GREMLINS** of **GRAHAM FIELD !!**







AT A SECRET LABORATORY IN NEVADA, FAMED INVENTOR CAPTAIN ALBRIGHT LABORS WITH HIS ASSISTANTS, CHUCK RAMSAY AND ICHABOD MUDD!

--TWO DROPS OF-- OH, DARN THAT PHONE! WHO COULD BE CALLING? TELL 'EM I WENT TO CHINA, WILL YOU, CHUCK?

SURE, CAPTAIN ALBRIGHT! I'LL EVEN MAKE IT THE NORTH POLE SO YOU CAN FINISH THE EXPERIMENT IN PEACE!



BETTER ANSWER, CAPTAIN! IT'S WASHINGTON CALLING!

OH-OH! THAT MEANS TROUBLE SOMEWHERE! I'LL TAKE IT --



OF COURSE THEY DON'T REALLY EXIST! IT'S JUST A JOKE ---

YEAH, AN ALIBI, SORT OF, FOR ACCIDENTS AND DUMB MISTAKES!

IS THAT SO?



SUPPOSE I TELL YOU THE WAR DEPARTMENT HAS ORDERED ME TO GRAHAM FIELD TO DRIVE OUT GREMLINS THAT ARE WRECKING THE MORALE?

MY GOSH! WHAT WITH SPELLS AND CHARMS?



TEN MINUTES LATER---

MMM! CHUCK, ICHABOD-- WHAT DO YOU KNOW ABOUT GREMLINS?

WHY JUST THAT THEY'RE SUPPOSED TO BE LITTLE PRAKES, A FOOT HIGH, WHO PLAGUE FLEETS! MOST OF THEM ARE MISCHIEVOUS, BUT SOME ARE HELPFUL AND GOOD. THE R.A.F. STARTED THE GAG YEARS AGO!



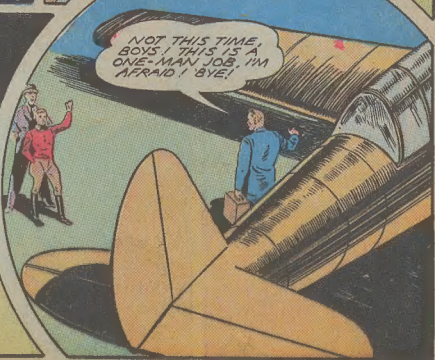
I CAN'T ANSWER THAT UNTIL I MEET THE GREMLINS MYSELF, CHUCK!

CHARMS, BUNK! I AIN'T SEEN THE PIXIE YET I COULDN'T SCATTER WITH A GOOD RIGHT TO THE BUTT!

CAN'T WE GO ALONG?

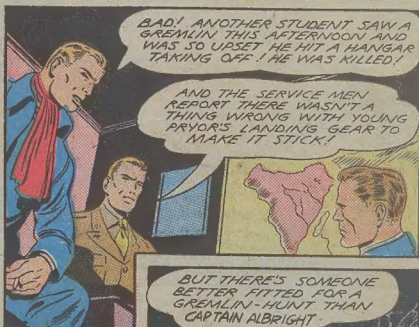


NOT THIS TIME, BOYS! THIS IS A ONE-MAN JOB, I'M AFRAID! 'BYE!

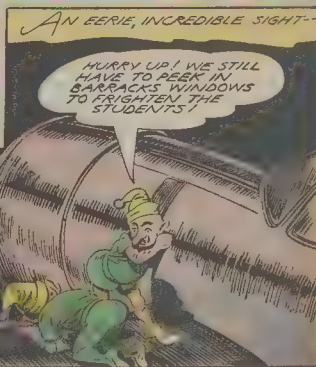
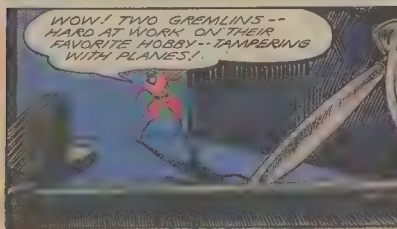
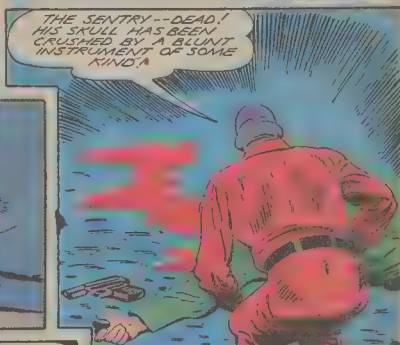
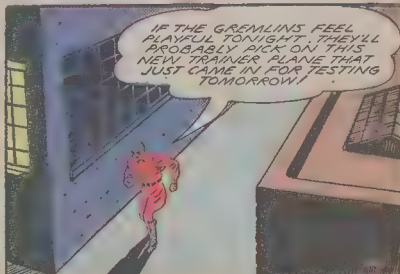


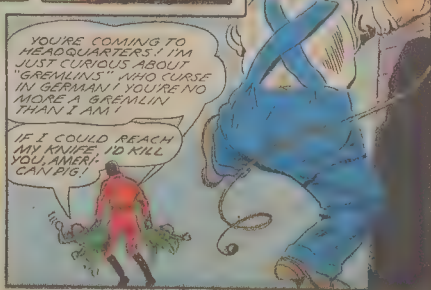
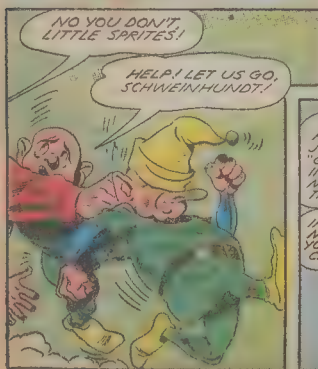
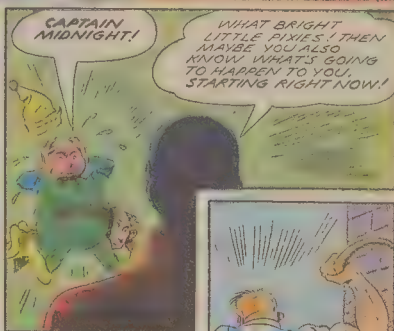
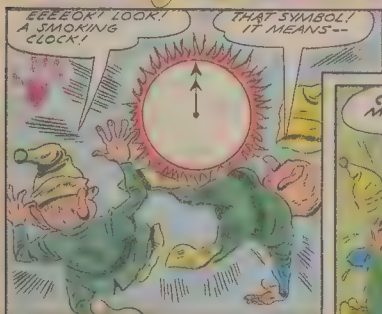
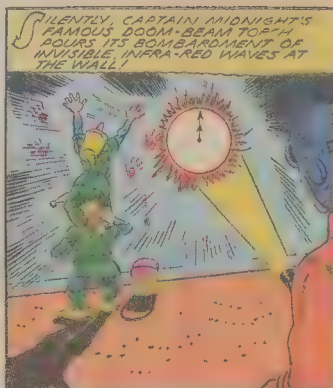
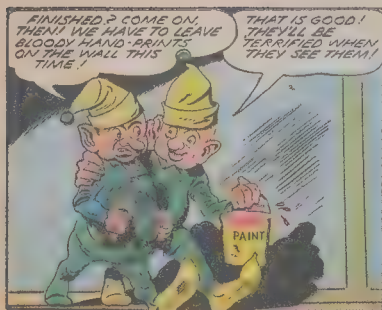




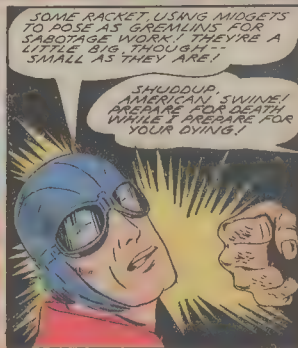
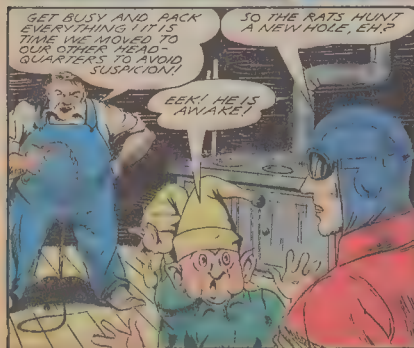
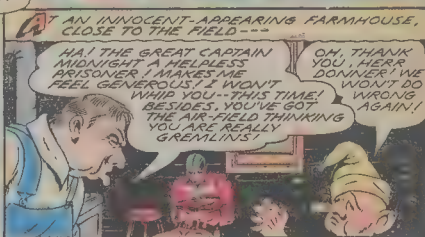
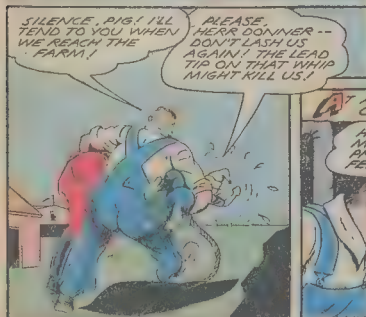
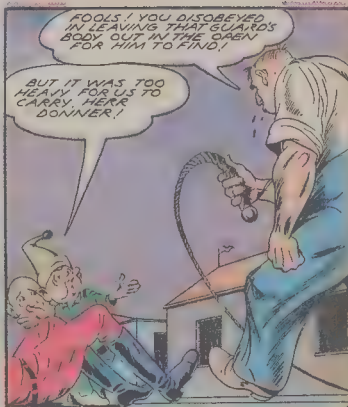
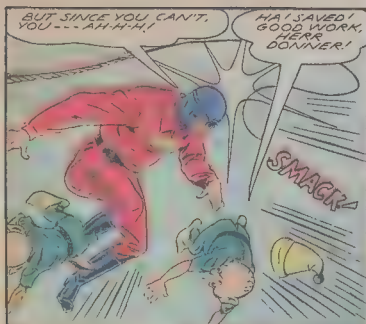


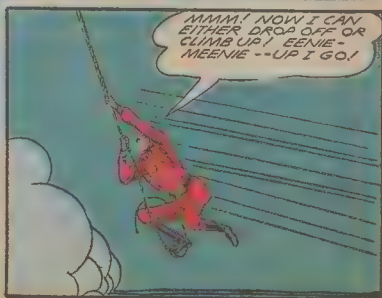
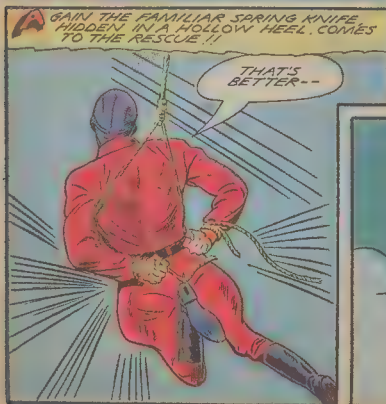
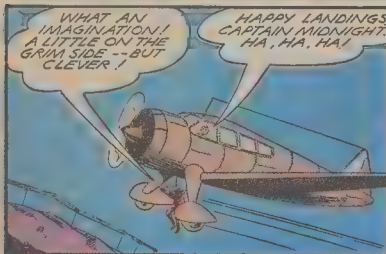
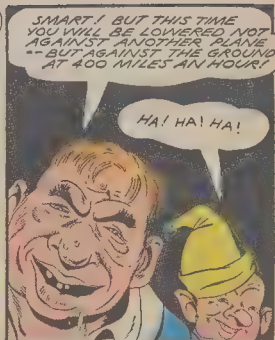
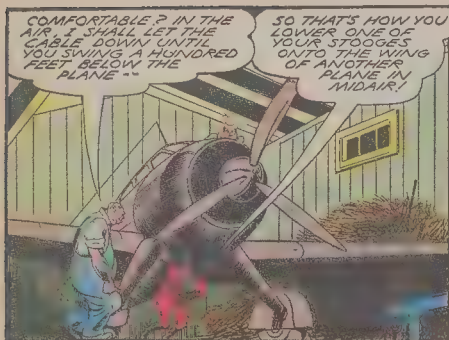




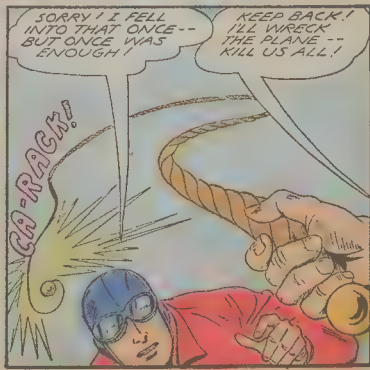
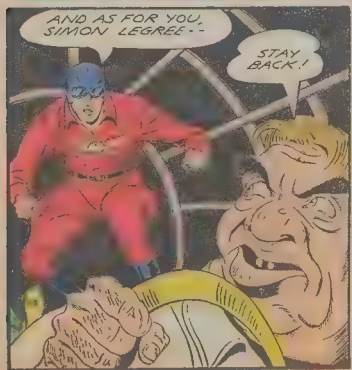
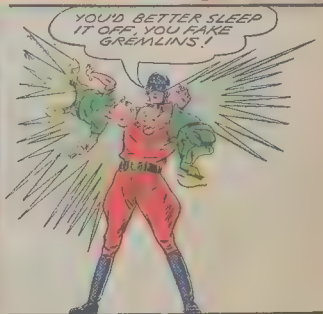
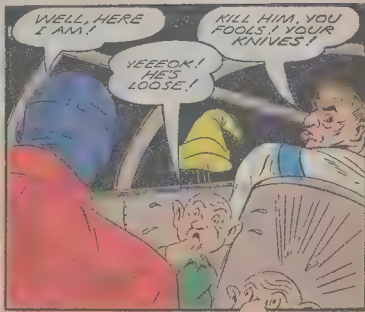


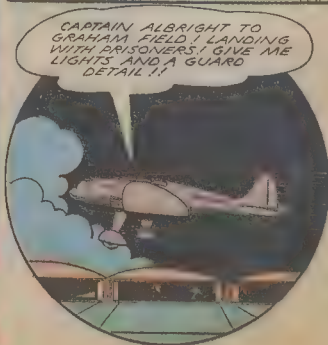
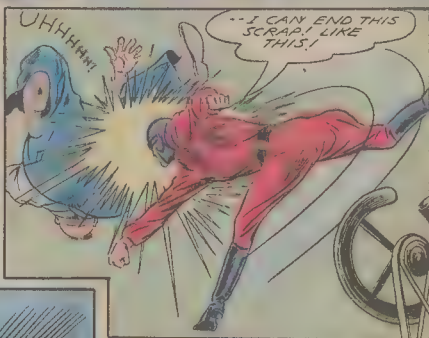
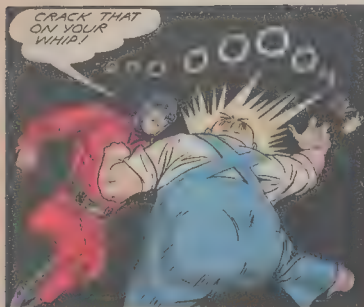


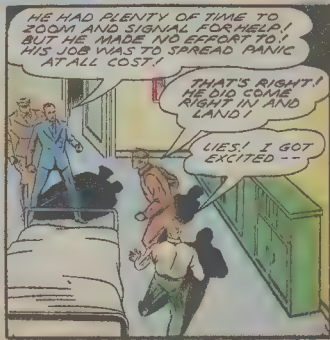
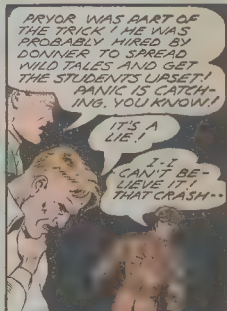
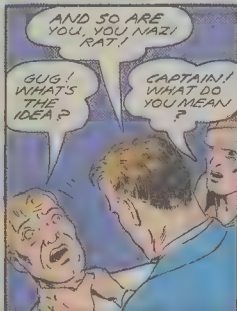
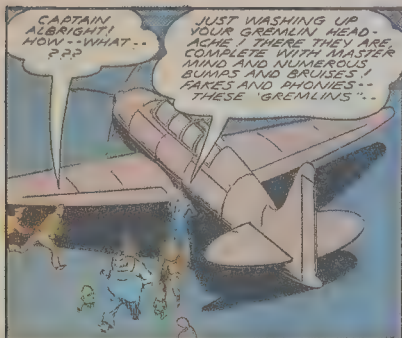




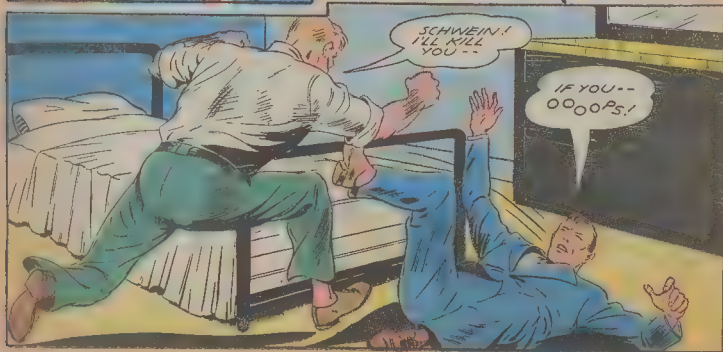
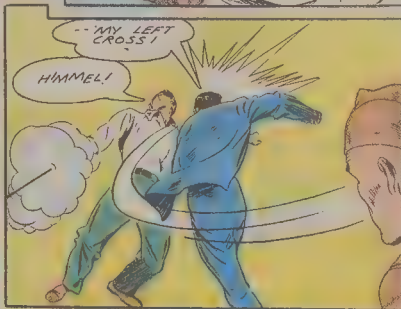
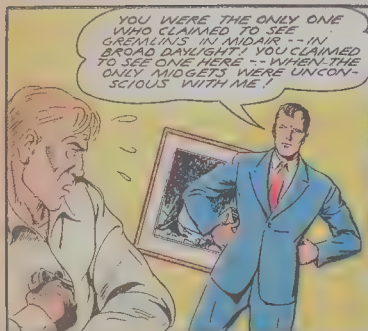


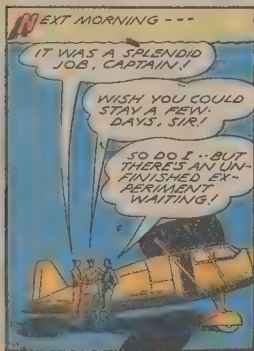
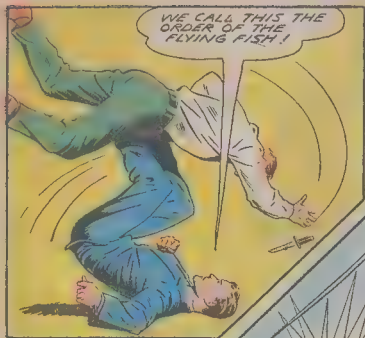






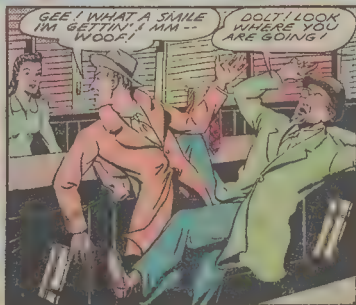
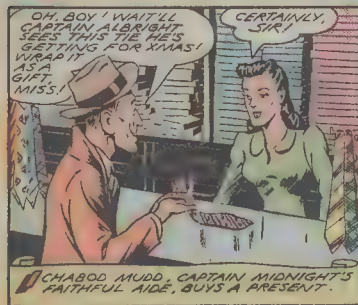


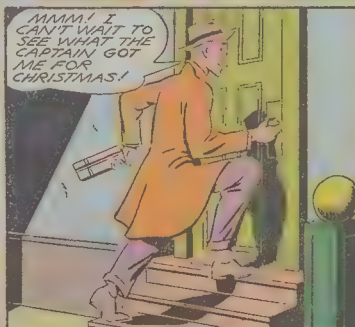
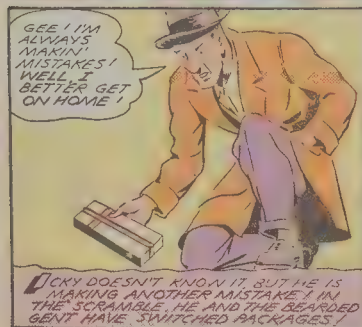
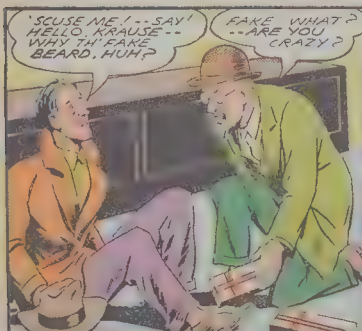


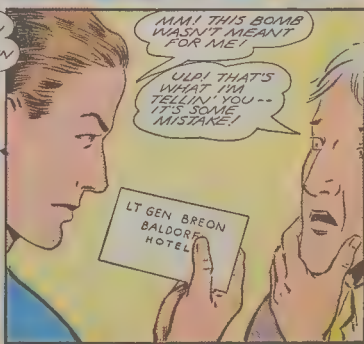
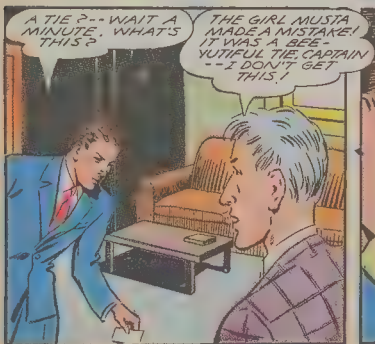
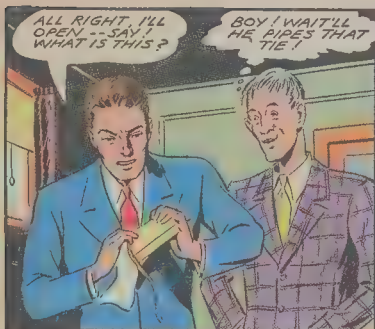




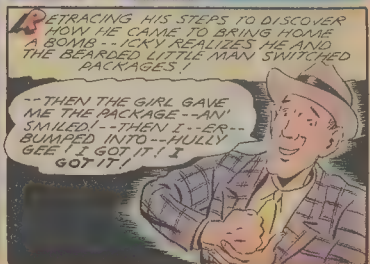
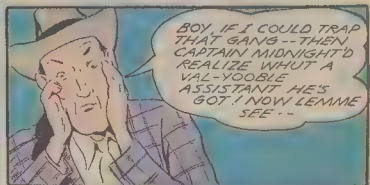
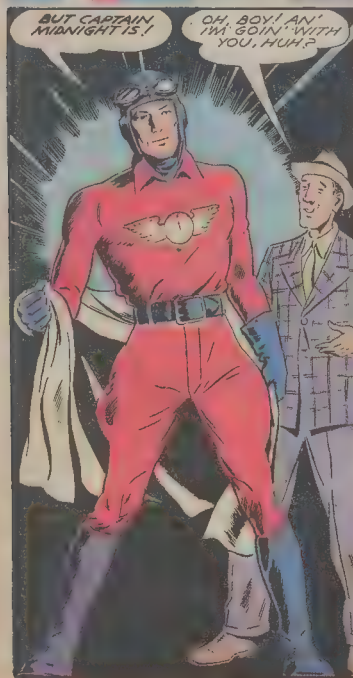
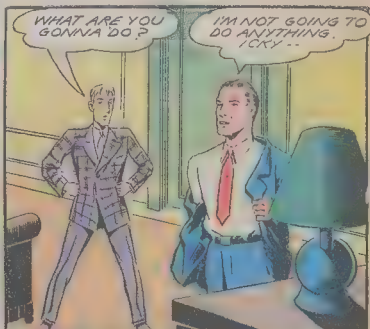


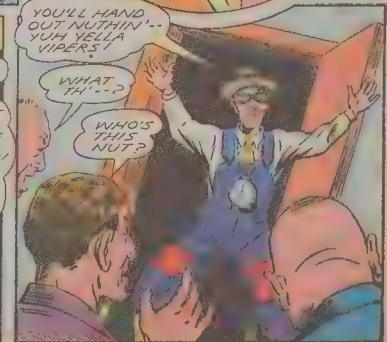
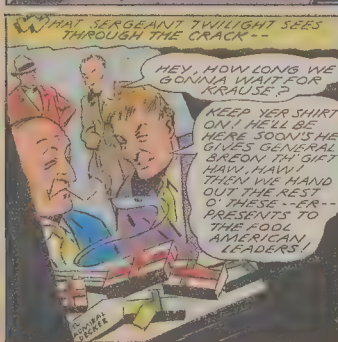
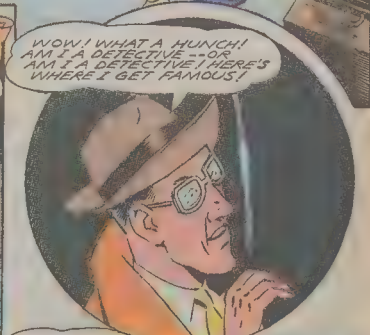
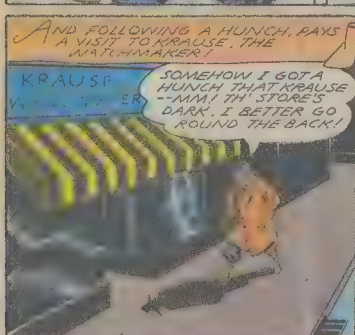
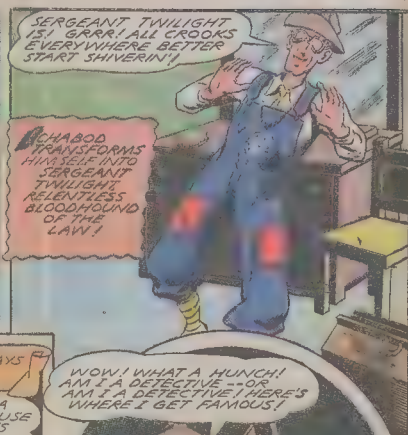
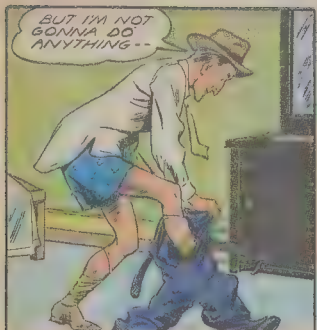


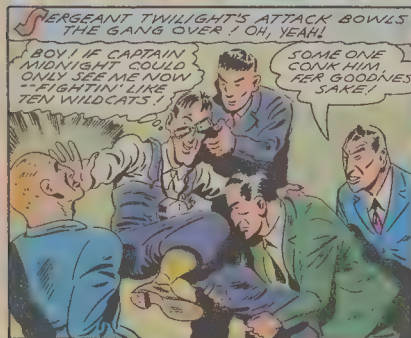




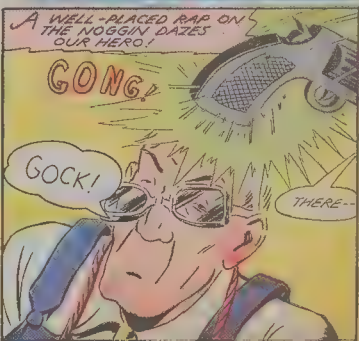
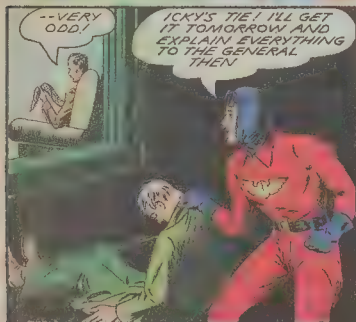
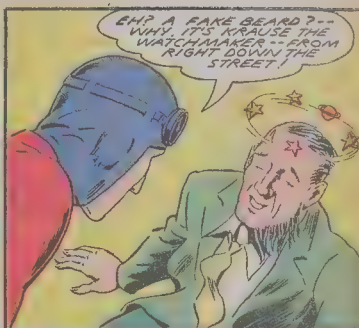


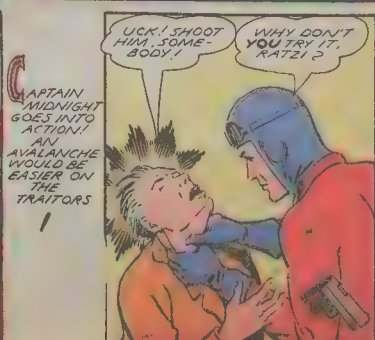
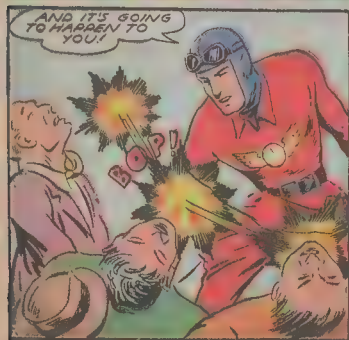
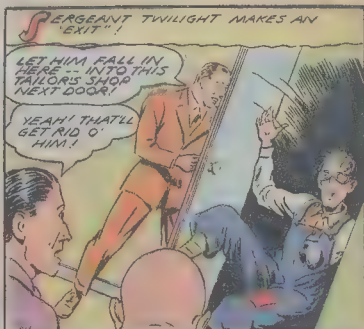
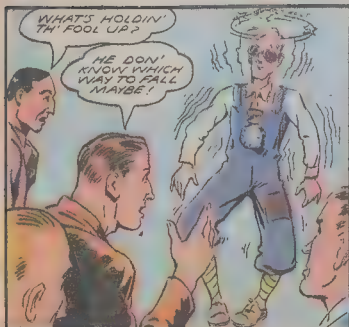


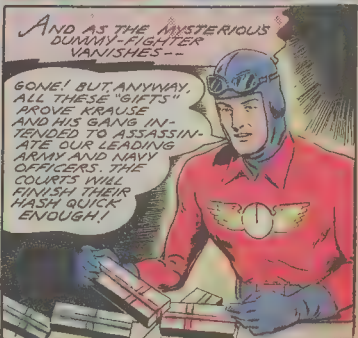
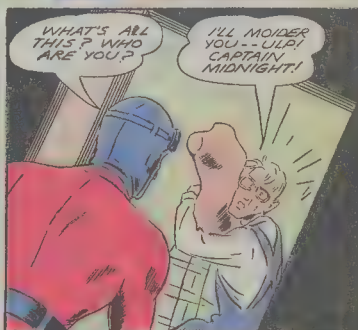
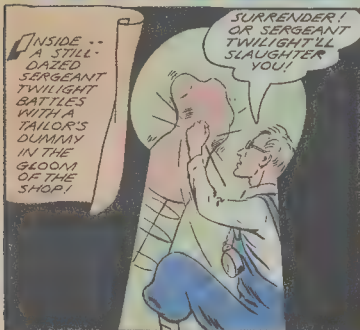
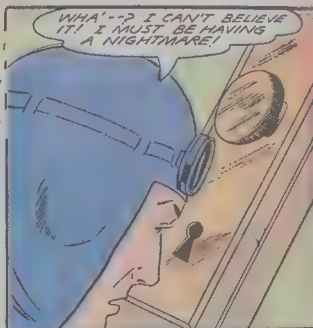
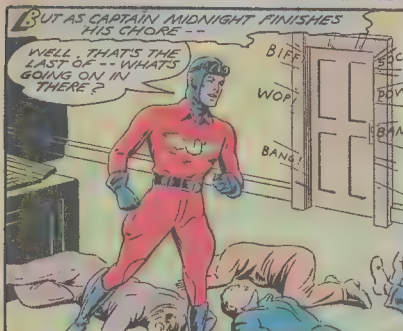




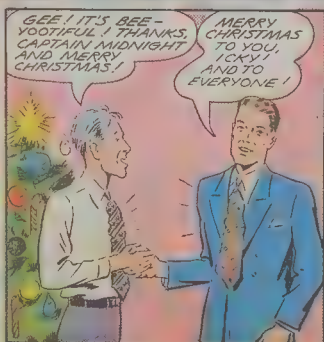
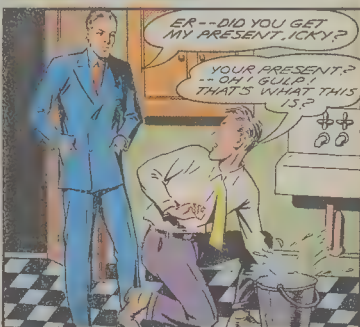
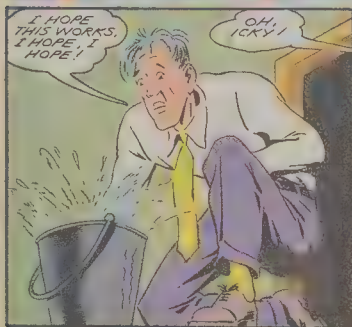
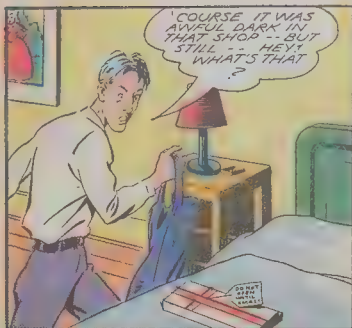




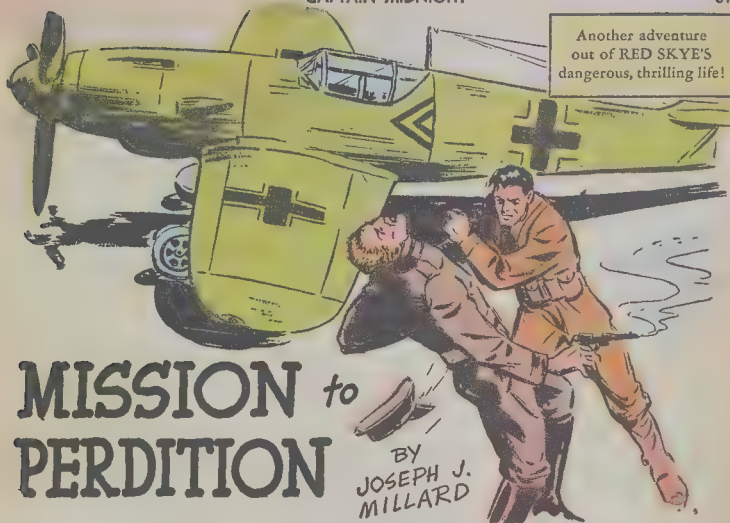








GIVE A REAL GIFT TO YOUR COUNTRY AND THE MEN ON THE FIGHTING FORCES-- BUY WAR BONDS AND STAMPS AS A XMAS GIFT TO THEM-- AND YOURSELVES!



# MISSION to PERDITION

BY  
JOSEPH J.  
MILLARD

**Red Sky's ace fighter-pilot, meets the Baron again in a desperate combat over a secret engine for the Allies!**

**T**HE NIGHT was black, black as the inside of a tomb, and damp with the cold chill of a Channel fog. And it was silent, too—silent for a night in war-torn Europe. Off to the south anti-aircraft whumped and rattled spasmodically and somewhere north, the skies thundered to the endless beat of bombers heading toward Occupied France. But here, along the coast, there was comparative silence.

Red Skye, ace yank-fighter-pilot and former idol of the RAF, moved forward over yielding sand, feeling his way by some sixth sense. It was that same sixth sense that told him

of the men around him, moving with him, pressing him close. There was neither sight nor sound to betray their presence. Not even the sharpest ears could have told that more than two hundred hard-bitten British Commandos were crossing that stretch of whispering beach, faces blackened, nerves taut with impending battle.

Red Skye was not a Commando. It was only a weird and incomprehensible order from Command that had made him a part of this small raid on the French invasion coast. He had yet to learn for what reason he, a flier, was detailed to a strictly land raid. But whatever the reason, his nerves tingled at the nearness of danger and action. They had landed on an enemy beach, dispatched unwary sentries—and now they were assembling for final word before moving on the little town beyond the hills.

A hand dropped lightly on Red Skye's arm and a voice

hisssed softly in his ear.

"Skye, listen closely. I had orders not to tip you to this until we landed—but it's plenty big. This isn't just another smash-and-run raid. We're here for a purpose. You can fly a German Messerschmitt, can't you?"

"You bet," Red said. "I handled a captured one at Farley."

"Good. Now get this. Our spies report that beyond the village is a small secret field where the Nazis are testing a new engine on a standard Me-109. A friend of yours is flying the test—The Baron."

The Baron! Red Skye's lips thinned and his nerves went tight. Memory whipped back over the past, to the night he had downed the famous, invincible German ace in battle. The Baron had parachuted to safety, swearing vengeance on the only man who ever shot him down. Since then there had been several treacherous attempts on Red Skye's life as The Baron, master of disguise

and intrigue, sought to wipe out the blot on his vaunted reputation. And now The Baron was here.

"Let me get my fingers on his throat—just once."

"Forget that," the Commando leader whispered. "Your job is to find that plane, start it and fly it back to England. Our force wants a look at the new engine. We'll create a diversion with this raid but the main job is up to you—alone."

"I'll handle it," Skye growled softly, fingers clenching on the butt of the automatic at his thigh.

"Good," the leader said briefly. "Let's go, men. You know your jobs. Rendezvous on the beach at the appointed time."

Nerves tingling, Red moved forward. For a brief moment he saw black crouching shapes silhouetted against the dark sky as they crossed the brim of the hill. Then they were creeping down into inky blackness, into the blacked-out village where The Baron slept.

The patrol was spreading out, flanks moving faster than the center to encircle the unsuspecting Nazi guards. Up ahead Skye's ears caught the faintest sighing gasp of sound, then the rustle of clothing. A moment later a silent hand detoured him around the body of a Nazi sentry. The patrol moved on.

**D**ISCOVERY CAME without warning. Ahead, a

## CAPTAIN MIDNIGHT

voice yelled in almost incoherent German. The yell gurgled off into silence but the damage had been done. Other voices took up the sounds. To the north, an auto-rifle crackled, spattering the curtain of darkness with lances of red and purple flame. A single blood-red flame answered and the gun stopped. The Commandos are trained not to waste ammunition.

But now the Nazis were springing to arms throughout the village. Flat on his face, inching forward, Red Skye heard other guns opening up. Against the painted white of a house ahead, he saw ghostly shadows meet, reel in combat and then separate—some of them to flop down and lie motionless. The gunfire was steady from all points, now, as the Commandos filtered into the village itself.

A voice whispered in Skye's ear. "The hangar is beyond that white house, two hundred yards due east and fifty south. Good luck."

If there was any more, a devil-clamor of machine gun fire beside them drowned it out. Red got to his feet and slipped forward, crouching low, heading for the grayish ghost-beacon of the white house. His pistol was in one hand, knife in the other. Lead sang and whispered over and around him. Once a slug tugged at his sleeve but there was no pain. He ran on, gained the lee of the house.

Down the street, a building *WHUMPED* queerly and blossomed a mushroom of smoke-blotted crimson into the night, lighting the battle scene. A gun blasted in Skye's face and a harsh voice shouted a command in German. Red's pistol *whammed* and jumped in his fist and then he was racing forward, hurdling a still-jerking figure on the ground.

The burning radio station lit his path. He leaped tree trunks, skirted sprawled bodies, ran on, estimating distance. At the edge of a stone-fenced garden, he cut right and ran through tall grass. Ahead, dark figures moved against the night and Red suddenly realized that he was silhouetted against the flames of the burning village—a perfect target.

He dropped with the thought, flat on his face, and a machine gun hammered the air above him with screaming death. Red fumbled in his shoulder bag, hooked a finger into a grenade pin, pulled and tossed. He buried his face in his arms and waited.

Ahead, he heard a thump and the beginning of a yell. Then all sounds were lost in the smashing thunder of the bursting grenade. Shrapnel pattered through the trees. Then there was silence ahead. Red scrambled to his feet and ran.

There was a low fence, invisible in the darkness. Red Skye fell over it, skidded and scrambled up, almost against a





low, flat shed. His flashlight went on and off and he got a split-second glimpse of an open door and beyond it, the square-tipped wing of an Me-109. He had reached the secret hangar.

A plunging dive carried Skye through into the darker gloom of the hangar. He felt his way along the wing, touched the projecting snout of the plane. There was warmth there. The engine had been running recently, was still warm. That meant an easier start and less danger of conking out on a fast takeoff.

Red slipped under the wing, felt his way to the open hatch and lifted a foot, fumbling for the stirrup. He was standing that way, one foot in the air, both hands clamped on the cockpit edge, gun and pistol stowed away for the moment, when the door slammed shut behind him and a flashlight beam pinned him against the plane. He froze, choking.

"Verdammt Britischer," a gruff voice snarled and then broke in a sharp gasping intake of breath. "No! A Yankee. It can't be—but it is. *YOU!!*"

**R**ED SKYE turned then, looking above the hot eye of the flashlight. For a moment his vision blurred. Then he saw the blunt snout of the Luger pistol, centered on his chest...

And above it, the incredulous, leering face of the man who had dedicated himself to Red Skye's destruction—*The Baron!*

"Well," Red fought to keep his voice calm and amused through the tautening in his throat. "If it isn't the charter member of the Nazi caterpillar club. Learned to fly yet, Baron???"

A snarl of Teutonic curses answered the taunts. The Baron made a move to step forward, then controlled himself with an effort.

"I have dreamed of this moment, Schwein," he gritted. "To see your body across my sights has haunted my every hour. Now at last the victory is mine and you shall die."

The Luger pistol lifted, steadily. The pale greenish eyes of

The Baron flamed with the lust to kill. Red Skye's nerves were taut, cold. It was not just his own death, but the fact that at his back was a plane that might mean the difference between victory and defeat for the United Nations. If Germany succeeded in putting out a superior design, the Luftwaffe might sweep allied air power from the skies. Somehow that secret engine design must be gotten across the Channel.

Moving very casually, very deliberately, Red Skye hunched his left shoulder slightly and the canvas bag of hand grenades swung forward a few inches, enough to bring them in front of his chest. He grinned into the blinding light.

"Fire away, Baron," he said placidly. "But be sure to shoot at my heart. The bullet will have to go through half a dozen live hand grenades first, of course, but that won't matter—not to me, anyhow. I'll be dead. Of course, you will be, too, when the bullet sets off the grenades..."

The choked snarl of fury from the Baron's lips was more animal than human. It was no barrier to his murder of Red Skye, for the Baron had only to tilt the muzzle up and shoot Red in the throat or head—or downward into his body. But for a single second, it cut across the pattern of murder, in the Baron's mind and froze him for a moment's indecision. And in that moment, Red Skye moved.

**H**E PLUNGED down and forward, straight into the face of flashlight and gun. He heard the Luger-blast thunder at his eardrums, felt the superheated lance of air as the slug missed his neck by a fraction of an inch.

Then his hands were on the squat, barrel body of the Nazi and they were toppling backward. The Luger slammed down on Red's skull and the night danced in a sheet of pain-flame. But he clung doggedly to his enemy, shoulder and head butting wildly. The Baron was

screaming wordless, maniacal fury. Red Skye got his right fist loose, shot it upward blindly and knew the infinite satisfaction of feeling lips mash and teeth give against his knuckles. The scream choked into a burbling howl.

"No Marquis of Queensbury rules in this war, brother," Red panted, and brought up one knee with a vicious jab. "Not after you what rats did to helpless civilians."

The squat body jerked at the agonizing impact, then arched away. Red jerked upward, tore free. His own pistol came out, swung down, thumped against the Nazi's skull. The snarls died away.

Red stooped to swing the unconscious Baron into the plane and froze. Outside the sounds of battle had receded toward the beach and nearby, voices were yelling in German. The Commandos, having finished their raid, were retreating and the Germans were once more in control. There was no time to bother with a prisoner who might slow the takeoff.

Red whirled, snapped switches in the cockpit. The Me's prop spun lazily, jerked and dissolved into a thunderous blur. Fighting the slipstream, Red tore around, threw open the wide doors and made a flying leap for the cockpit. Outside someone yelled hoarsely and an auto-gun cut loose. Lead spatattered through the shed.

But hunched low in the pit, Red gunned the new engine, felt a wild surge of power and then the plane was out of the shed, off the ground, streaking skyward like a homesick angel. The noise and lights of battle fled behind him and somewhere ahead, a tiny rectangle of light glowed, marking the Farley field. He cut the motor, slid toward it. A moment later he was leaping out, facing a group of high ranking officers. He was back, the secret engine was in the hands of the United Nations. And the Baron...

The Baron would still be there, next time!

The End

# CAPTAIN MIDNIGHT

in the  
LAND  
of the  
MIDNIGHT  
SUN



FAR TO THE NORTH  
IN ALASKA LIES AN ALL  
IMPORTANT OUTPOST  
OF THE AMERICAN WAR  
EFFORT - SISKA STATION  
OF THE U.S. WEATHER  
BUREAU! AND TO THIS  
FAR-FLUNG, TINY SPOT  
COMES CAPTAIN MIDNIGHT  
-- ON A ROUTINE MISSION  
-- THAT SWIFTLY TURNS INTO  
AN ADVENTURE READ ON  
AND DEATH! AND SEE WHAT HAPPENS  
TO CAPTAIN MIDNIGHT  
-- WHEN HE VENTURES  
INTO THE LAND OF THE  
MIDNIGHT SUN!

FAR TO THE NORTH, A U.S.  
ARMY BOMBER GETS ITS  
IT'S IN SIMPLE WEATHER REPORT.  
CODE, CAN YOU SUBSTITUTION  
BEFORE LOOKING SOLVE IT  
NEXT PICTURE ?!!!

THERE IS OUR  
WEATHER REPORT  
MAKE UNSCRAMPLE  
YOU CODE, WILL

ABCDEFGHI  
LCP BQDMPX

OKE.

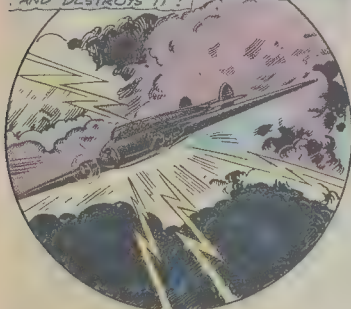
Report is favorable.

SISKA STATION  
REPORTS "PRESSURE  
1010, RISING." FINE,  
EH?

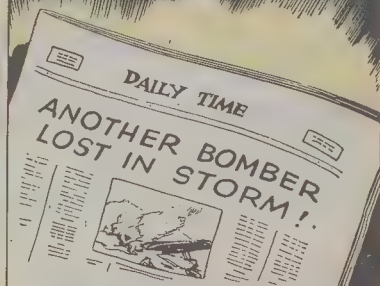
SWELL!  
WE'LL FLY  
RIGHT TO  
OUR BASE!



*BUT THEN-- UNEXPECTEDLY, OUT OF NOWHERE -- A MURDEROUS, CYCLONIC STORM STRIKES THE SPEEDING SHIP AND DESTROYS IT!*



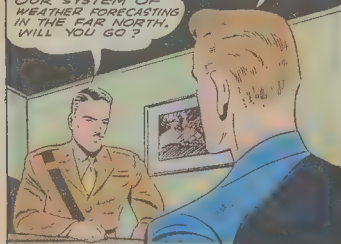
*And OVER THE NATION...*



*Next day, in WASHINGTON. THE GOVERNMENT CALLS ON CAPTAIN ALBRIGHT TO CUT DOWN ON THE STORM CRASHES!*

CAPTAIN ALBRIGHT, THE GOVERNMENT IS LOOKING FOR A MAN TO IMPROVE OUR SYSTEM OF WEATHER FORECASTING IN THE FAR NORTH. WILL YOU GO?

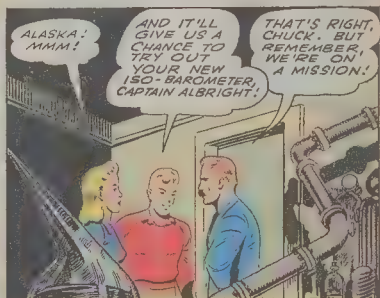
YES, SIR. AND I'LL LEAVE IMMEDIATELY!



ALASKA: MMM!

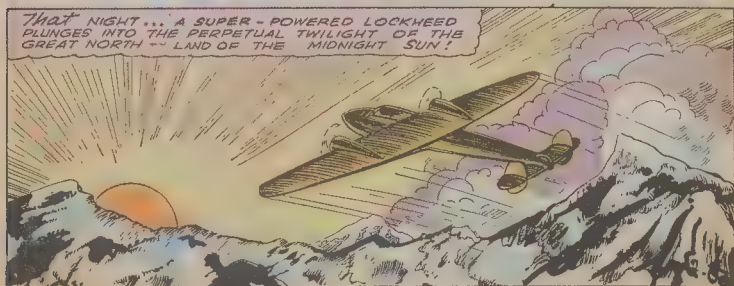
AND IT'LL GIVE US A CHANCE TO TRY OUT YOUR NEW ISO-BAROMETER, CAPTAIN ALBRIGHT!

THAT'S RIGHT, CHUCK. BUT REMEMBER, WE'RE ON A MISSION!



CAPTAIN ALBRIGHT BREAKS THE NEWS TO HIS YOUNG AIDES, CHUCK AND JOYCE.

*That NIGHT... A SUPER-POWERED LOCKHEED PLUNGES INTO THE PERPETUAL TWILIGHT OF THE GREAT NORTH -- LAND OF THE MIDNIGHT SUN!*

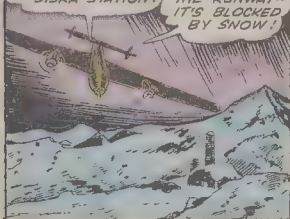




SISKA STATION -- FAR-FLUNG,  
NORTHERNMOST OUTPOST OF  
THE U. S. WEATHER BUREAU!

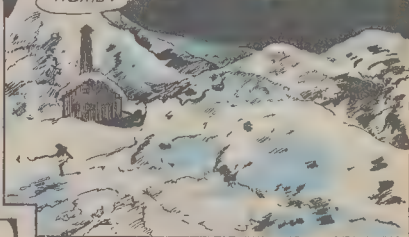
THERE IT IS,  
CAPTAIN ALBRIGHT --  
SISKA STATION!

YES-- BUT  
LOOK, CHUCK,  
THE RUNWAY--  
IT'S BLOCKED  
BY SNOW!



AN AVALANCHE!  
GEE! AND WE  
CAN'T LAND  
ANYWHERE ELSE  
AROUND HERE!  
WE'LL HAVE TO  
GO BACK TO  
NOME!

YOU MEAN  
YOU AND JOYCE  
WILL HAVE TO  
GO BACK, CHUCK!



THERE'S SOMETHING QUEER  
ABOUT AN AVALANCHE COVERING  
THAT LANDING FIELD! THIS  
WILL BE INVESTIGATED BY  
CAPTAIN MIDNIGHT!

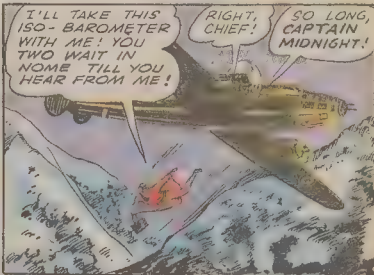


A SWIFT CHANGE, AND MILD  
CAPTAIN ALBRIGHT BECOMES  
THE DREADED CHAMPION OF  
DEMOCRACY CAPTAIN MIDNIGHT!

I'LL TAKE THIS  
ISO-BAROMETER  
WITH ME! YOU  
TWO WAIT IN  
NOME TILL YOU  
HEAR FROM ME!

RIGHT,  
CHIEF!

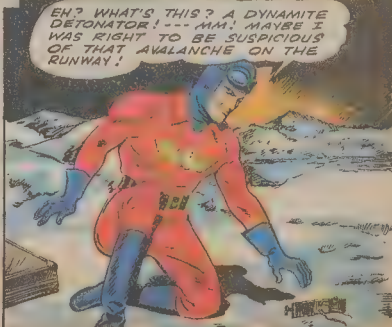
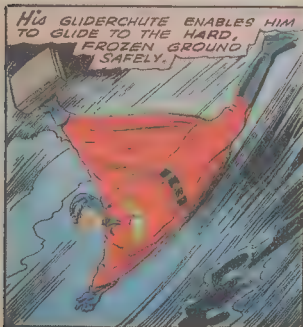
SO LONG,  
CAPTAIN  
MIDNIGHT!

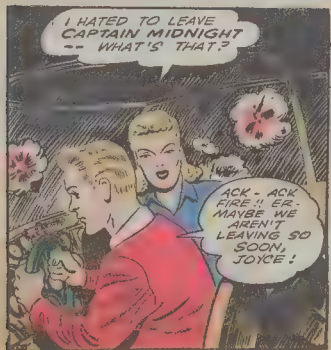
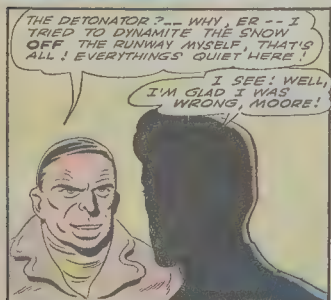
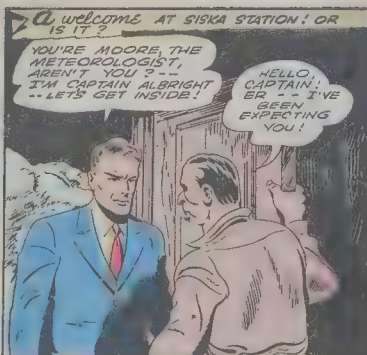
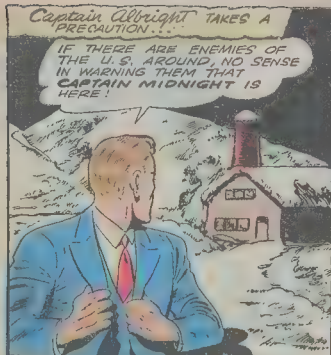


And A MOMENT LATER-- A  
STRANGE DISCOVERY:

EH? WHAT'S THIS? A DYNAMITE  
DETONATOR! --- MM! MAYBE I  
WAS RIGHT TO BE SUSPICIOUS  
OF THAT AVALANCHE ON THE  
RUNWAY!

HIS GLIDERCHUTE ENABLES HIM  
TO GLIDE TO THE HARD,  
FROZEN GROUND  
SAFELY.





LUCKY WE'RE ALIVE CHUCK!  
-- BUT THOSE SHOTS --  
THEY COULD MEAN ONLY  
ONE THING -- JAPS!

THAT'S RIGHT, JOYCE!  
WE'VE GOT TO GET  
OUT AND -- EH?



*Bushido!* A NAME NOTORIOUS FOR  
CONSUMMATE CUNNING AND TREACHERY!

COME, YANKEE  
FRIENDS, TO  
BUSHIDO!

UHP!

BUSHIDO!



I AM TOLD AN OBJECT,  
A RED OBJECT, DROPPED  
FROM YOUR PLANE EARLIER!  
WHAT WAS IT? -- ANSWER  
PLEASE!

A RED  
-- WOW!  
SO THEY  
DON'T  
KNOW

I DON'T KNOW  
WHAT YOU  
MEAN?

CAPTAIN  
MIDNIGHT  
IS HERE! EH?



And AT THE STATION -- CAPTAIN  
ALBRIGHT IS SHOWN AROUND, UNAWARE  
OF THE NEARBY MENACE!

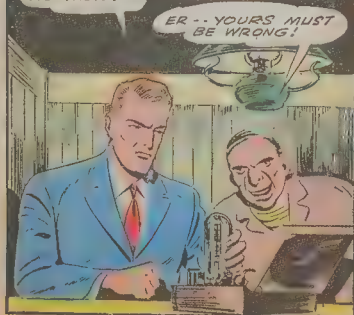
AND HERE IS OUR  
STATION BAROMETER --  
THE BEST MADE,  
CAPTAIN ALBRIGHT!

I'M SURE  
IT IS, MOORE --  
BUT I'LL CHECK  
UP ON IT, IF  
YOU DON'T  
MIND!



MMM! THAT'S STRANGE -- MY ISO-  
BAROMETER INDICATES STORM --  
WHILE YOURS INDICATES FAIR  
WEATHER!

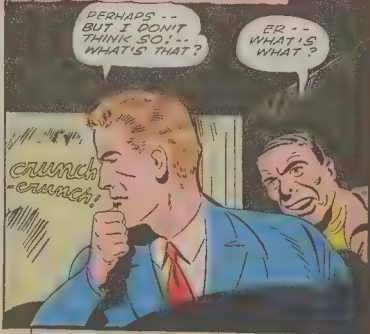
ER -- YOURS MUST  
BE WRONG!



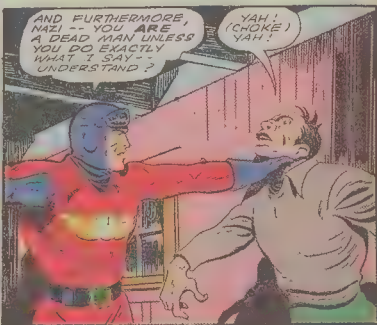
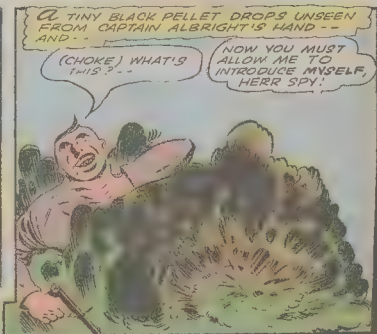
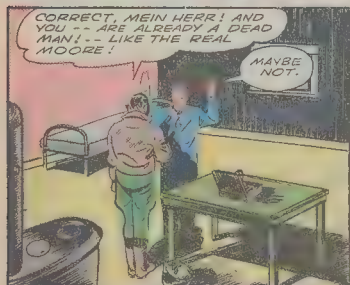
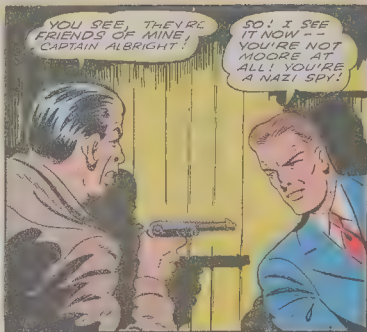
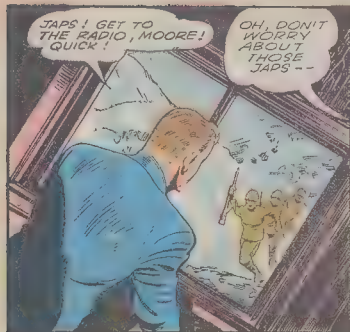
But Suddenly, A SOUND PENETRATES  
THE LITTLE STATION...

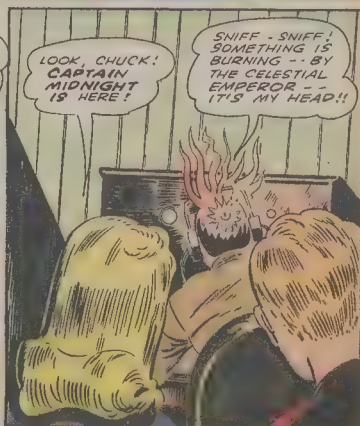
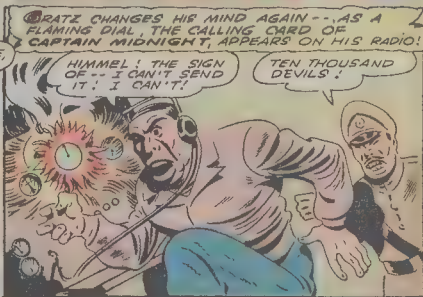
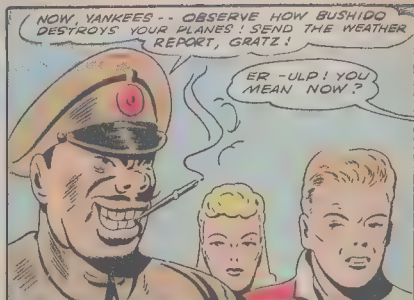
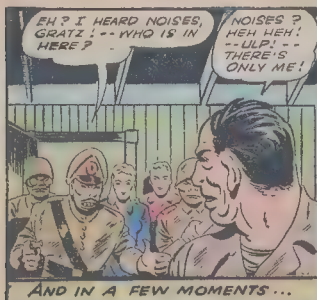
PERHAPS --  
BUT I DON'T  
THINK SO! --  
WHAT'S THAT?

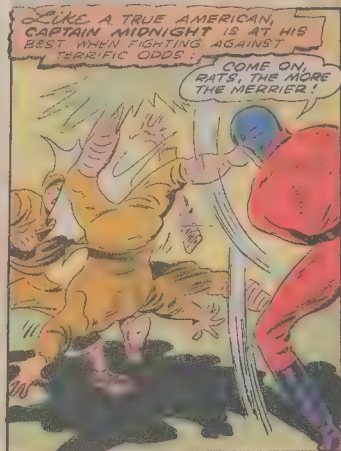
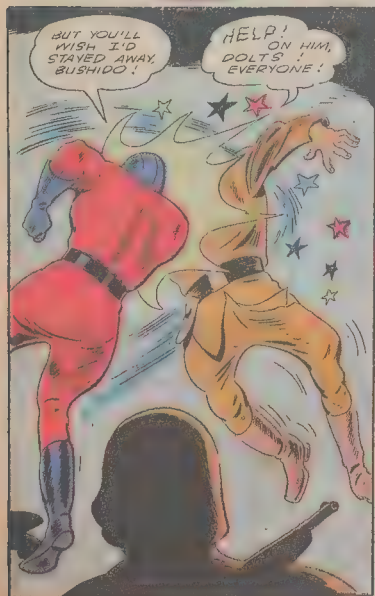
ER --  
WHAT'S  
WHAT?



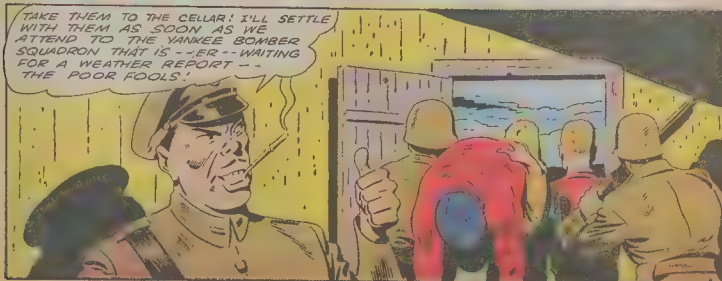


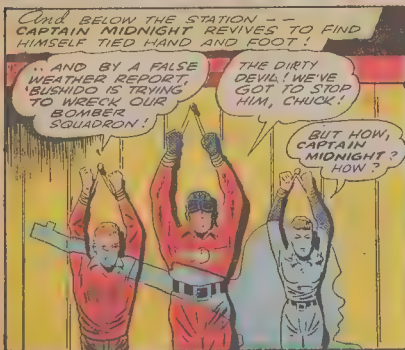
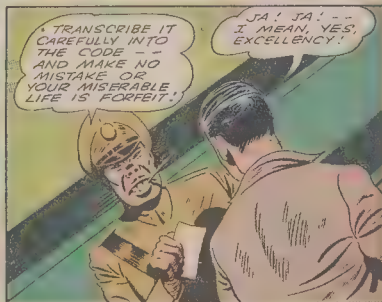
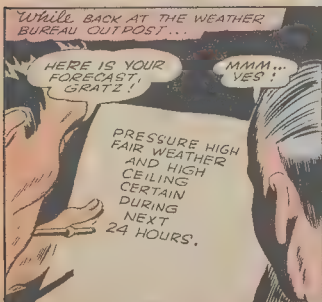
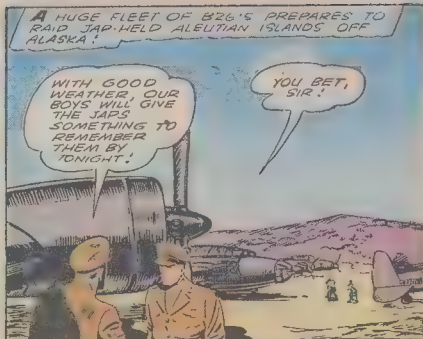




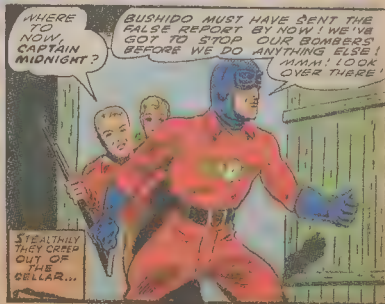
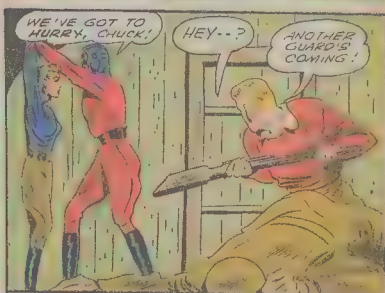
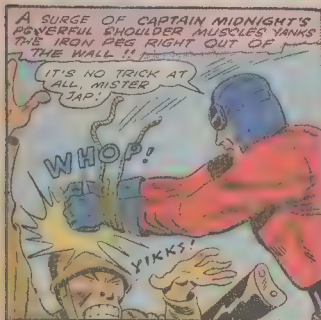
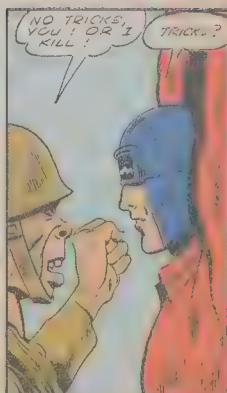






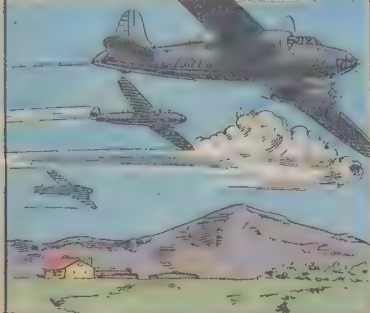


## CAPTAIN MIDNIGHT





ALL THE U.S. 'DRUME - BOMBERS TAKE OFF AFTER RECEIVING THE FAVORABLE -- BUT TREACHEROUS -- WEATHER REPORT FROM SISKIA STATION!



SUDDENLY, IN THE COMMANDER'S OFFICE...

ER -- PARDON, SIR! THERE'S A STRANGE MESSAGE COMING IN!

A STRANGE MESSAGE?

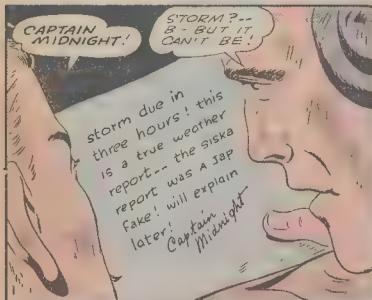


CAPTAIN MIDNIGHT!

STORM? -- B - BUT IT CAN'T BE!

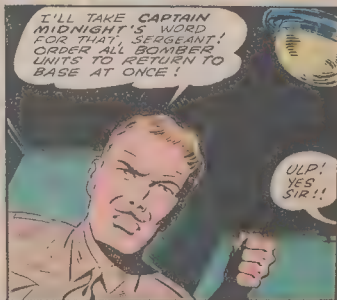
storm due in three hours! this is a true weather report -- the siska report -- was a jap fake! will explain later!

Captain Midnight

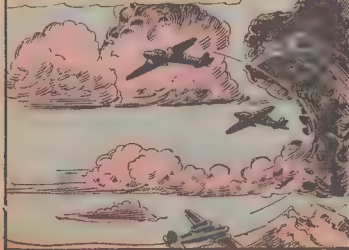


I'LL TAKE CAPTAIN MIDNIGHT'S WORD FOR THAT, SERGEANT! ORDER ALL BOMBER UNITS TO RETURN TO BASE AT ONCE!

UHP! YES SIR!!



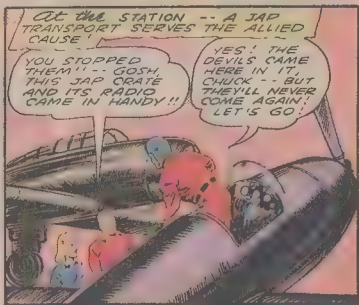
AND, JUST IN TIME, THE GREAT BOMBER FLEET WHEELS FOR HOME -- AS VICIOUS CLOUDS AND ICY WINDS HURTLE TOWARD ALASKA!

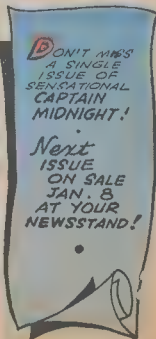
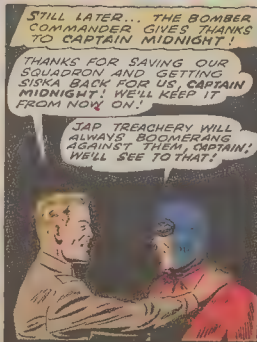
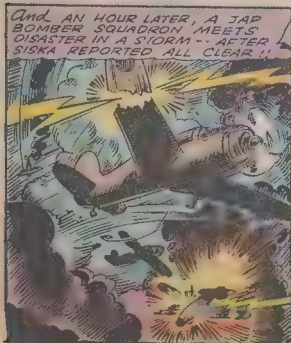
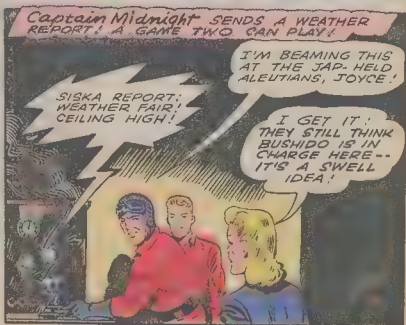
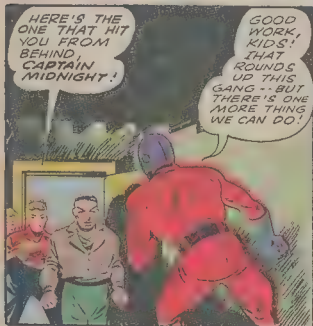
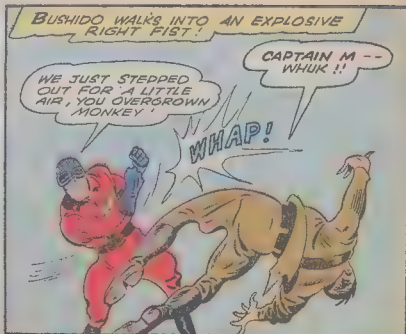


ALL THE STATION -- A JAP TRANSPORT SERVES THE ALLIED CAUSE!

YOU STOPPED THEM! -- GOSH, THIS JAP CRATE AND ITS RADIO CAME IN HANDY!!

YES! THE DEVILS CAME HERE IN IT, CHUCK -- BUT THEY'LL NEVER COME AGAIN! LET'S GO!





# LITTLE SNEEZER

♪ CAN IT BE THE BREEZE THAT FILLS THE TREES,  
WITH MAGIC PERFUME? OH, NO, IT ISN'T  
THE BREEZE... IT'S SNEEZER'S  
SNEEZE... ♪



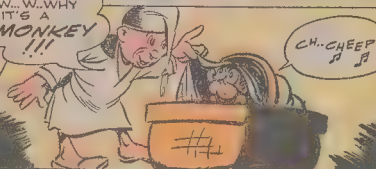
In which our little hero becomes a  
PAPA for the duration, but finds that  
tire rationing is no  
to a GORILLA!



Dear Sneezzer:  
I've been  
drafted. Please  
take care of  
EUSTACE  
tony

TH..THE ORGAN  
G-GRINDER'S  
BEEN D.DRAFTED  
AN' HE WANTS  
ME TO TAKE  
CARE OF HIS...  
..G..GOSH!!

W...W.WHY  
IT'S A  
MONKEY  
!!!





Within a short time Sneezer and Eustace become great pals. He finds that Eustace is an exceptionally intelligent little monkey and can understand everything said to him. (Say something to him, Sneezer!)

N..NICE D..DAY  
T..T DAY, ISN'T  
IT, EUSTACE  
??

CH..CHEEP  
♪

"Bright little fellow,  
isn't he??"

EUSTACE! I THINK  
IT'D B.BE A GOOD  
IDEA IF I TOOK YOU  
TO THE ZOO.. IT'LL  
BE A CHANCE FOR  
YOU TO COMMUNE  
WITH YOUR BROTHERS  
AND SISTERS, EH?

CH...  
CHEEP!

THAT AFTERNOON..

AHHH...HERE  
WE ARE...  
BUT WHAT  
IS THIS?..

ZOO

I'VE GOT  
TROUBLES...  
WOE IS ME...  
WOE IS ME!

...WHY 'TIS  
THE ZOO  
KEEPER...  
AN' HE'S  
C-CRYING!

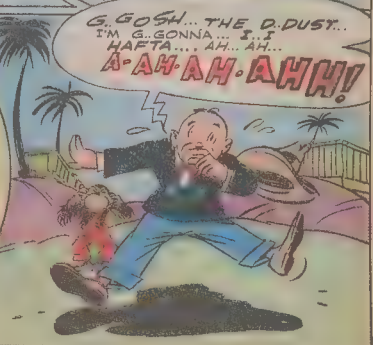
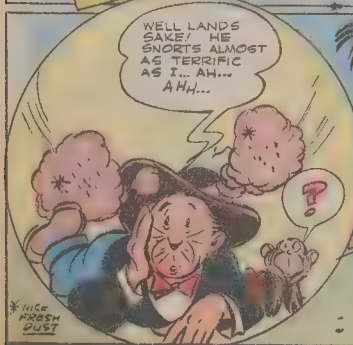
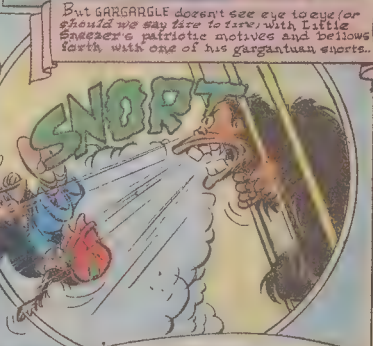
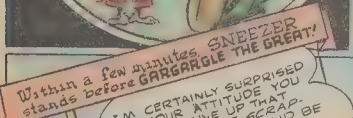
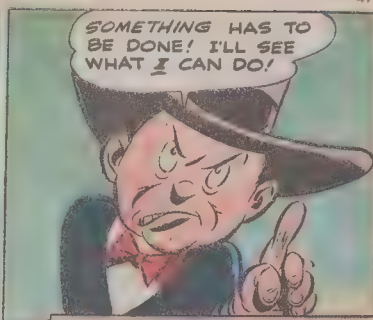
ALWAYS INTERESTED IN HIS FELLOW  
MAN'S TROUBLES, SNEEZER INQUIRES  
AS TO THE DIFFICULTY....

W..WHY ARE  
YOU SO  
UNHAPPY  
MY GOOD  
MAN?

MY STAR ATTRACTION, GARGARGE, THE GORILLA HAS GONE ON STRIKE! HE WON'T PERFORM, HE'S ANGRY AND SULKS ALL DAY..WOE..WOE WOE!!

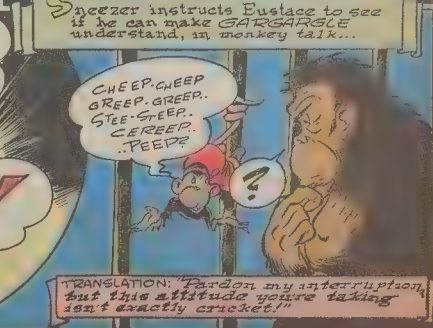
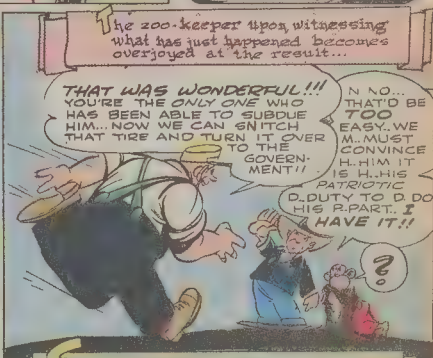
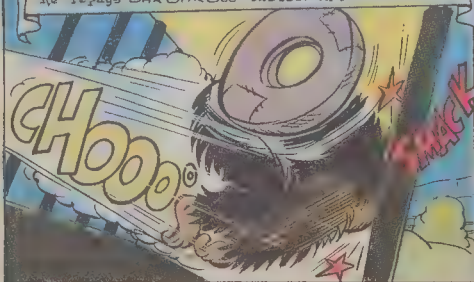
W..WHY  
IS H..HE  
S..SO  
ANGRY?

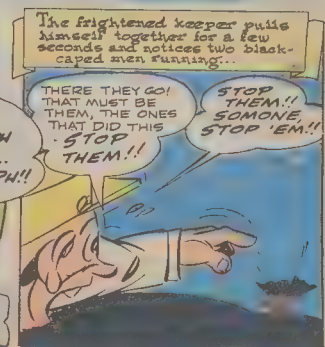
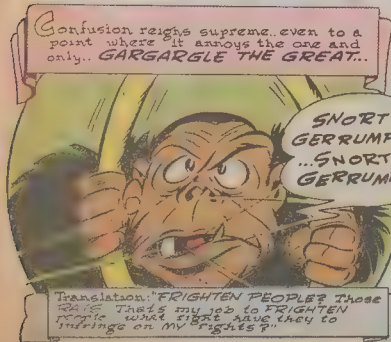
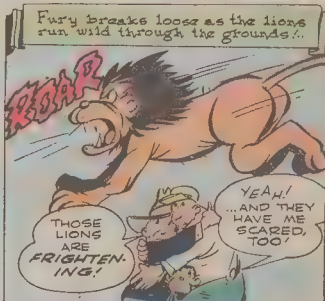
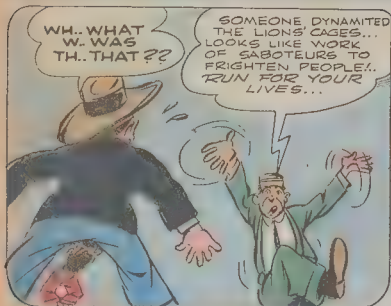
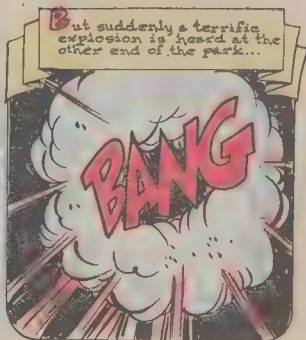
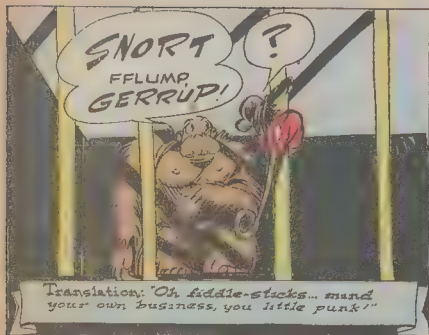
IT'S THE TIRE RATIONING BOARD.. THEY'VE REFUSED HIM A NEW RUBBER TIRE TO PLAY WITH AND HE'S SMORTING MAD!



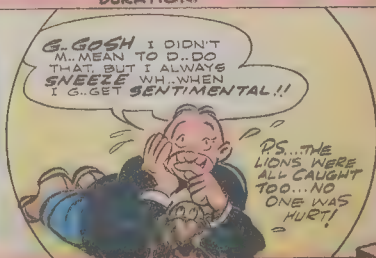
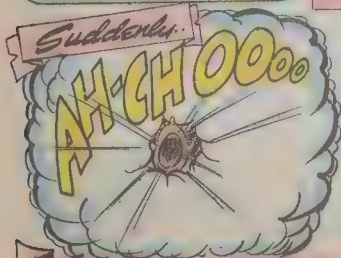
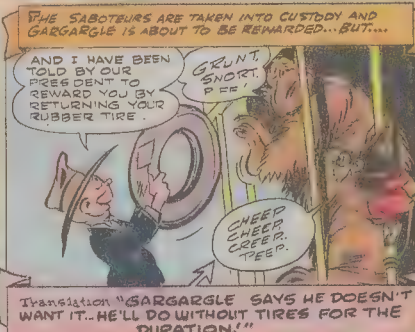
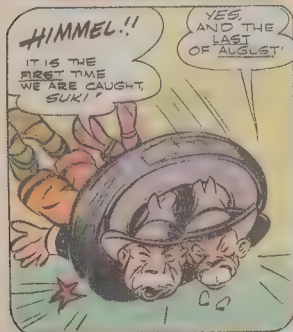
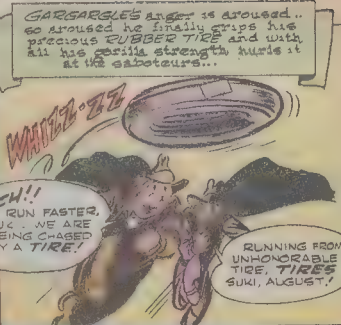
Our little pal doesn't have to take a backseat for anyone when it comes to creating tornadoes. So... he repays GARGARGLE twofold...

GARGARGLE is not only amazed at the velocity of that sneeze but gorges from the AFTEREFFECTS



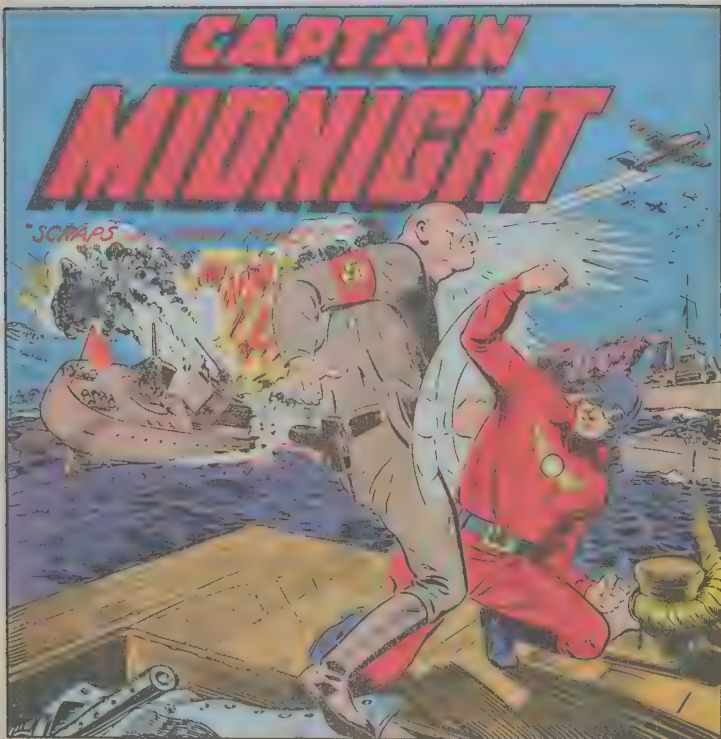






If you enjoyed Little Sneezer and his new pal Bustace in this issue of CAPTAIN MIDNIGHT Comics... don't miss him next month, or your ALLERGIES won't be worth a SCENT....





**S**CRAP-METAL! -- MORE PRECIOUS IN WARTIME THAN GOLD! AND SUDDENLY, MYSTERIOUSLY, A HUGE PILE OF THE PRICELESS RAW MATERIAL VANISHES OVERNIGHT! A STEEL MILL BLASTED TO DESTRUCTION! AMERICAN WORKMEN ARE HURLED TO THE GRAVE! ONCE AGAIN TREACHEROUS JAPAN STABS AT AMERICA'S BACK! BUT THERE IS A HAND TO TURN THE KNIFE -- THE HAND OF AMERICA'S WIDE-AWAKE CHAMPION --

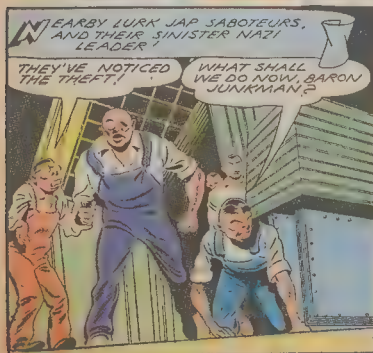
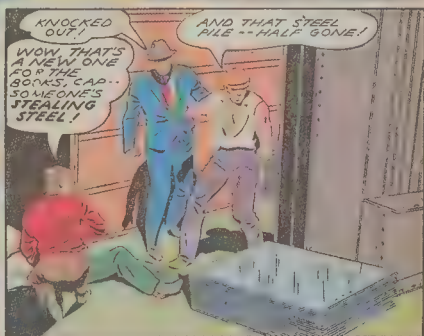
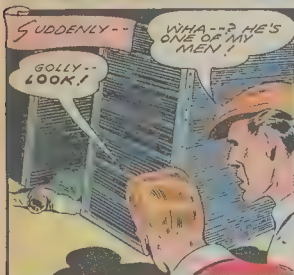
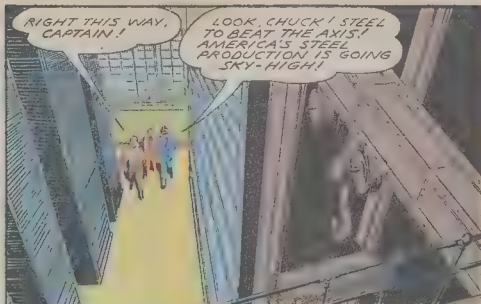
**CAPTAIN MIDNIGHT!**

**A** T A BUSY WEST COAST STEEL MILL, CAPTAIN ALBRIGHT, FAMOUS INVENTOR, ARRIVES WITH CHUCK RAMSAY, HIS BOY COMPANION --

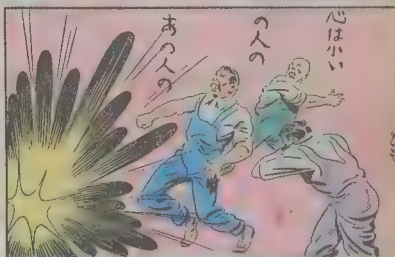
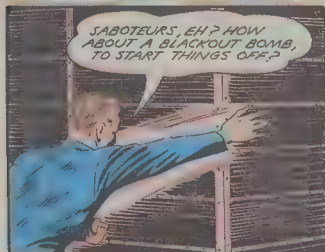
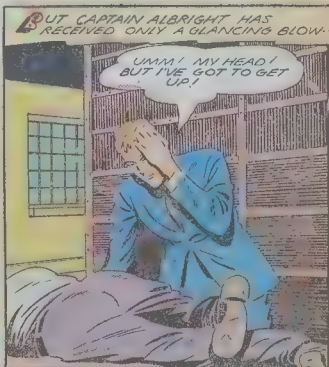
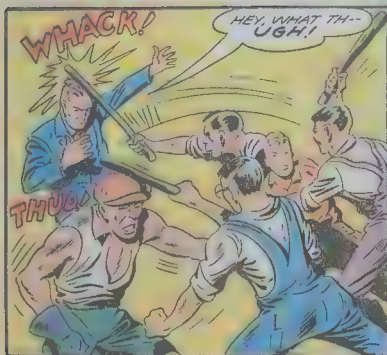
I CAME IN PERSON TO ORDER A STEEL SHIPMENT FOR OUR NEVADA HEADQUARTERS. I WANT TO GET JUST THE RIGHT MATERIAL.

GOSH, THIS IS A BIG STEEL MILL! WORKING DAY AND NIGHT TOO!



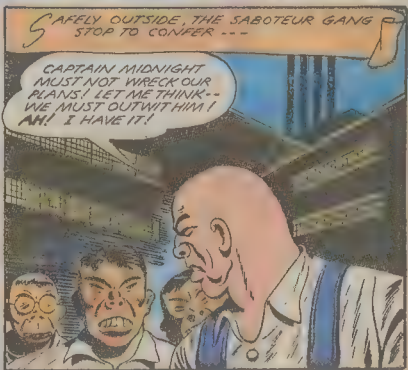
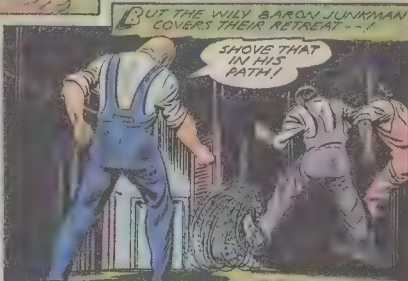
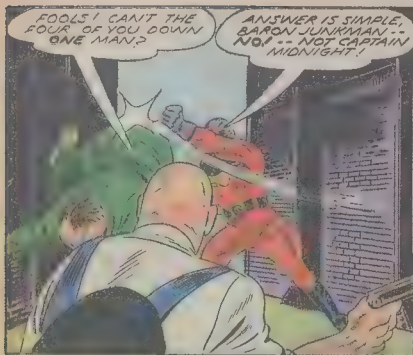


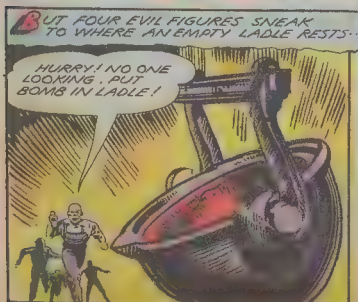
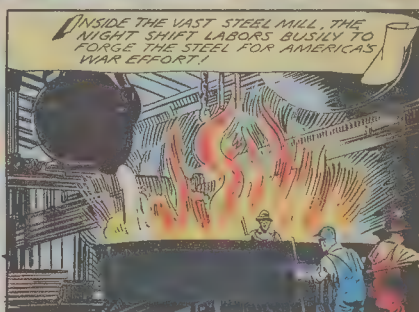
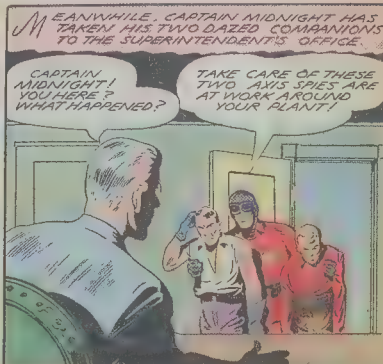


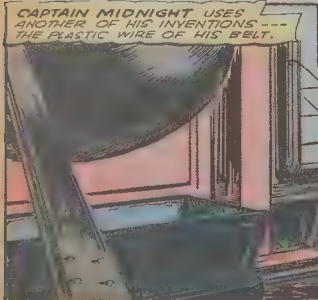
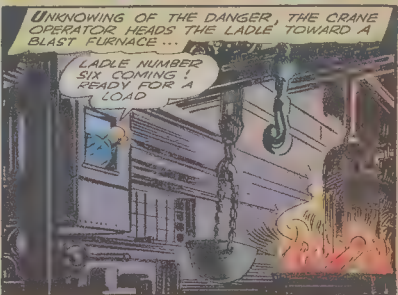
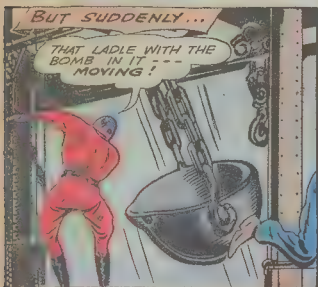
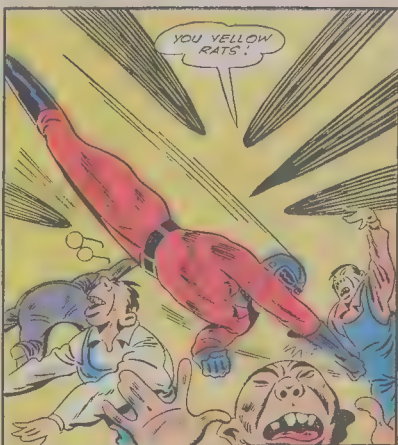
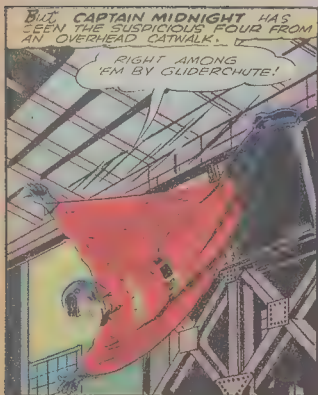


AND FROM BEHIND THE CONCEALING BLACKNESS DASHES THE VENGEFUL FIGURE OF MIGHTY CAPTAIN MIDNIGHT!

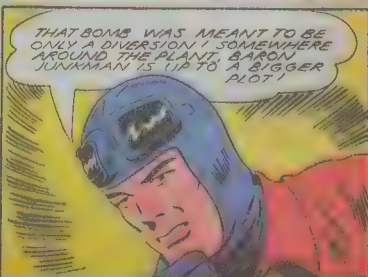












MEANWHILE, THE NIGHT WATCHMAN AT THE NEARBY SCRAP-METAL PILE STOPS AN APPROACHING WAGON.

HEY, WHO IS IT -- THIS LATE AT NIGHT?

JUST THE JUNKMAN, BRINGING A LOAD OF SCRAP-METAL.



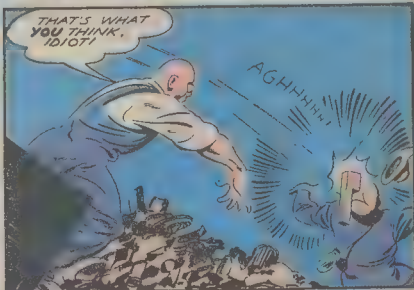
OKAY! UNLOAD. EVERY BIT OF SCRAP-METAL IS SURE IMPORTANT IN THIS WAR!



BEFORE JAPAN STABBED US IN THE BACK, WE USED TO SHIP SCRAP-METAL TO THEM ON THESE BARGES, BUT NOT ANY MORE!

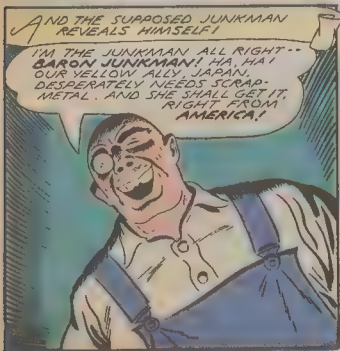


THAT'S WHAT YOU THINK, IDIOT!



AND THE SUPPOSED JUNKMAN REVEALS HIMSELF!

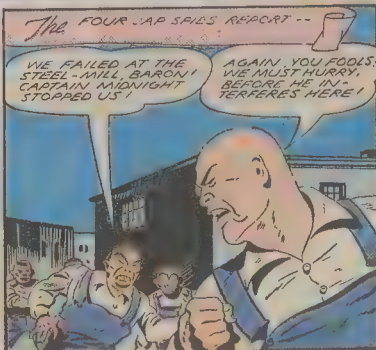
I'M THE JUNKMAN, ALL RIGHT -- **BARON JUNKMAN!** HA, HA! OUR YELLOW ALLY, JAPAN, DESPERATELY NEEDS SCRAP-METAL, AND SHE SHALL GET IT, RIGHT FROM AMERICA!



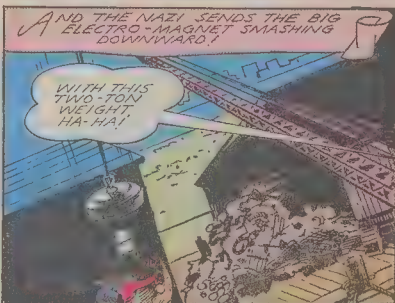
THE FOUR JAP SPIES REPORT --

WE FAILED AT THE STEEL-MILL, BARON! CAPTAIN MIDNIGHT STOPPED US!

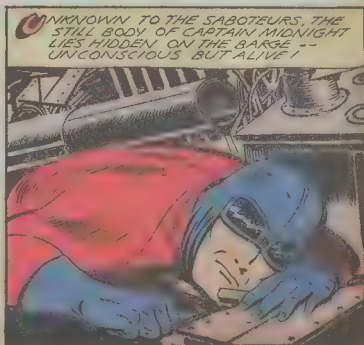
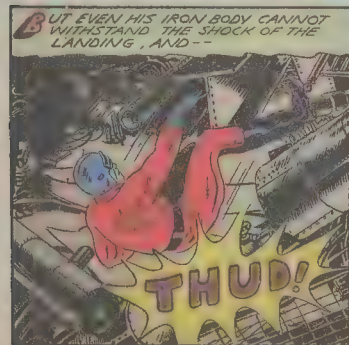
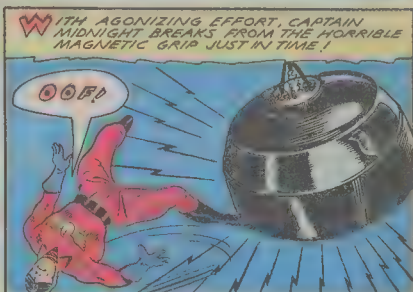
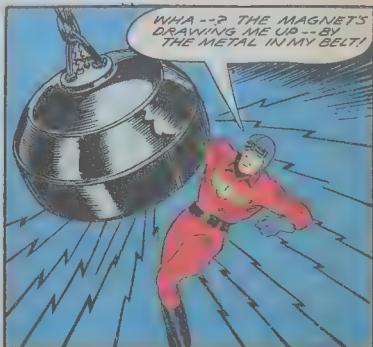
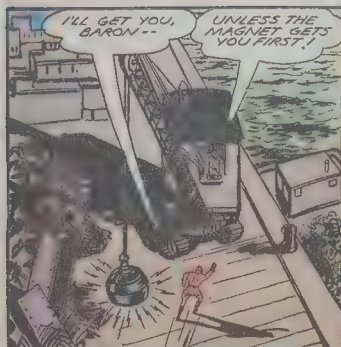
AGAIN, YOU FOOLS! WE MUST HURRY, BEFORE HE INTERFERES HERE!

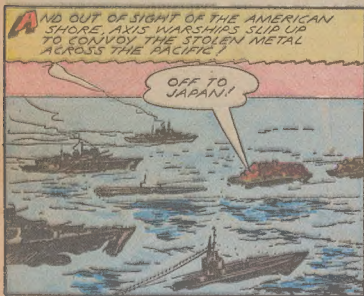
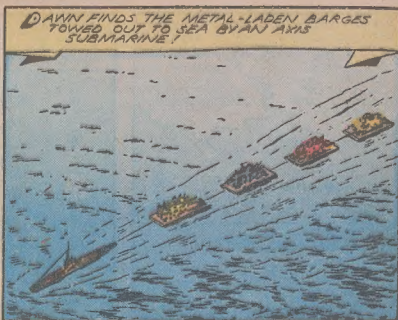


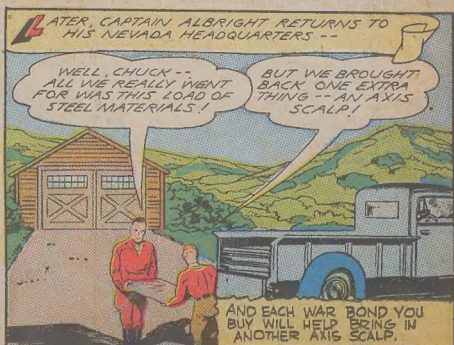
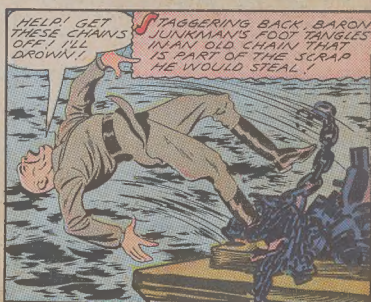
















## LOOK, FELLAS-- MY FAVORITE MAGAZINE

**Y**EP, that's right, boys—it's **MECHANIX ILLUSTRATED**, the biggest and best magazine bargain on the newsstands today!

What I like about MI is that it's a real he-man magazine, not something for sissies! And if you're the kind of fellows I think you are, you'll agree with me one hundred percent.

**MECHANIX ILLUSTRATED** has just about everything. There are swell pages for the hobby fans, scores of projects for you to build in your workshop, a complete photography section in every issue, a section devoted to patents and inventions, a department for the lads who are studying shopwork in their schools, hundreds of photographs of the latest scientific and mechanical discoveries, a department specializing in war news and inventions, the latest developments in aviation and, better still, a feature section that seems to beat the tar out of the other magazines when it comes to giving you something new, adventurous and exciting.

But here's another reason why I like MI—you get your money's worth! Every month you get 184 pages—think of it!—of real meaty reading matter, and at a cost of only 10¢!

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# The 97 Pound Weakling

—Who became "The World's Most Perfectly Developed Man"

**"I'll prove that YOU too can be a NEW MAN!"**

*Charles Atlas*

**I** KNOW, myself, what it means to have the kind of body that people pity! Of course, you wouldn't know it to look at me now, but I was once a skinny weakling who weighed only 97 lbs! I was ashamed to strip for sports or undress for a swim. I was such a poor specimen of physical development that I was constantly self-conscious and embarrassed. And I felt only HALF-ALIVE.

Then I discovered "Dynamic Tension" It gave me a body that won for me the title "World's Most Perfectly Developed Man."

When I say I can make you over into a man of giant power and energy, I know what I'm talking about. I've seen my new system, "Dynamic Tension," transform hundreds of weak, puny men into Atlas Champions.

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Do you want big, broad shoulders—a fine, powerful chest—biceps like steel—arms and legs rippling with muscular strength—a stomach ridged with bands of sinewy muscle—and a build you can be proud of? Then just give me the opportunity to prove that "Dynamic Tension" is what you need.

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**CHARLES ATLAS, Dept. 293-ZA**  
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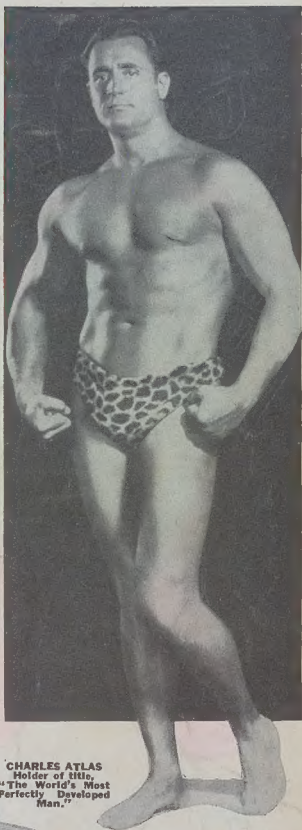
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